

1954-74: THE BOOMING YEARS

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 23, 1974 75 CENTS

Muhammad Ali

Sportsman
of the Year





Melt a man's heart with a gift of Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

It takes a cool head and a warm heart to be a Delta professional.

You're a Delta line mechanic, and that jet at the gate belongs to you until you're ready to turn it over to the captain.

You check out everything from engines to instruments to oilerons to ashtray lids. Your jet is one beautiful piece of machinery

and you want it nothing short of perfect.

There's more to it than personal pride, of course. The people who board your jet count on you for a smooth flight. And when it comes to people, a Delta professional couldn't care more. **DELTA**

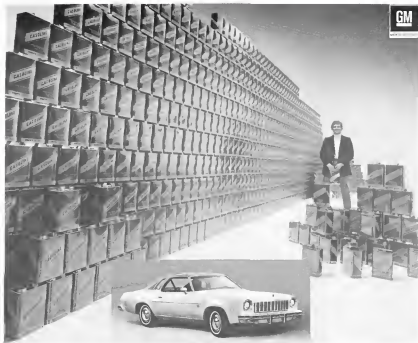


the mechanic: Stephen H. Smith

McClain: Captain: a Delta professional



Delta is ready when you are.



YOU COULD USE 801 FEWER GALLONS OF GAS TO GO 50,000 MILES WITH OUR '75 CHEVELLE THAN WITH OUR '74.

Based on results from published EPA City Driving Tests, which stress stop-and-go city-type driving, a '75 Chevelle (standard 350-2 V8 engine) using unleaded fuel with our new Chevrolet Efficiency System showed a 28% mileage improvement over its '74 counterpart using leaded fuel.

In GM Proving Ground tests, which stress suburban-type driving, the mileage improvement was 22%.

So even using this lower percentage figure, the difference could

amount to 801 fewer gallons of gas over 50,000 miles (about four years' average use).

A gas savings of \$380.

Your exact savings will depend on leaded and unleaded fuel prices in your area.

But using 52¢ and 53¢ a gallon respectively, the '75 Chevelle 801-gallon improvement could save you \$380.

Maintenance savings: \$348.

Comparing Owner's Manual recommended

service over 50,000 miles for '75 and '74 Chevelles with standard V8 engines, we found this: a '75 Chevelle using unleaded fuel could save you \$348 in parts, lubricants and labor over a '74 using leaded fuel.

That \$348 figure was arrived at using current list prices for parts and \$11 an hour for labor.

Think about that the next time you take your car in for service.

Have you checked the present trade-in value of your car?

If not, do it soon.

Many used car prices, you see, have risen dramatically since last spring. So your car may be worth more in trade on a new Chevelle than you might think.

Chevelle. America's favorite mid-size car.

See all the reasons why. At your Chevrolet dealer's.

**CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE
FOR AMERICA**

Chevrolet

**They don't break, they don't need batteries,
and they'll still be fun a year from now.**



These two gifts are not only unbreakable, they're unforgettable.

The Post Office's new edition of *Stamps & Stories* has pictures of every U.S. stamp design ever printed and all the 1973 commemoratives. They're all in full color and so are the illustrations of our memorable stories behind the stamps. Including one about how Leif Erikson was sailing from Norway to Greenland but never made it. A storm blew him to a place which later became known as America. You can read

even more stories like this in *Stamps & Stories* for just \$2.

Our *Mint Set* is a special collection of all of 1973's special stamps. Everything from a "Love" stamp to a jumbo Boston Tea Party stamp. The *Mint Set* has 33 mint stamps and costs only \$3.

So get *Stamps & Stories* and the *Mint Set* at your Post Office. Santa would give them both his stamp of approval. **Stamp Collecting.** For the fun of it. **Your Postal Service** 

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



CONTENTS

DECEMBER 23, 1974 Volume 41, No. 26

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer



Arnold Roth

32 The Way It Was and Will Be

Ladies! Day at the ball park will soon be a whole new ball game. You'll be on the field instead of in the stands, says Bill Johnson in a look at the shape of many things to come. As for the past, Ron Fimble puts his 20 years on the beat into nostalgic perspective.

20 Buffalo, but No Shuffle

Surprising New York was off and winning until it ran into the speedy Braves.

by Pat Putnam

24 For Openers, Super Bowl VIII ½

The real showdown in the NFL could come Saturday when Oakland meets Miami.

by Dan Jenkins

26 Bruisers and Bunny Hoppers

In Philly, the champion Flyers are both—and they are sniffling the icecube again.

by Mark Mulvey

28 Bowl-Bound, Bowled Over

A lot of teams chosen early for post-season games fall on their face masks.

by John Underwood

84 Sportsman of the Year

Down but determined: Mohammed Ali turned 1974 into the best of years.

by George Plimpton

The departments

15 Scorecard

105 For the Record

102 College Basketball

106 19th Hole

Credits on page 105

Next issue

THE HOLIDAYS will be happy days for two NFL teams, but there will be some unholy mayhem before the survivors emerge on the Sunday after Christmas. Dan Jenkins and Ron Reed cover the Super Bowl campaign trail.

A NIFTY PRESENT for college basketball fans is the big tournament in Louisville, where the high-flying hometown Cardinals take on a field that includes the Purdue Boilermakers. Barry McDermott tells you all about it.

KISS A FROG TODAY!



AIC-208

A flippancy of frogs for collectors
with more taste than money

These authentic museum replicas by
Alva lovingly hand-finished to
recreate the look of each unique original.
Sure to cast a spell on your favorite
collector, each comes with a descriptive
history, and all jewelry is handsomely
gift boxed.

There may not be a prince in every frog,
but then again, who knows?

To order by mail, be sure to specify
pin or necklace, style number of each
item. Add \$5.00 for postage (\$1 for GH 2)
New York Residents add sales tax. No C.O.D.
We will refund or replace within 3 weeks if
not completely satisfied (Allow 4 weeks for
delivery.)

Price of price is not included.

Pieces shown slightly reduced.

AIC-208
Chinese Bronze frog, Chicago Art Institute.
reproduced in metal. 2 1/4" l. \$8.50

AIC-56
Pre Columbian Gold* Frog, Chicago Art
Institute
Pin \$7.50; Necklace on chain \$8.50

AR-1
West African gold* frog, Private collection
On wood base. 1 3/4" h. \$10.

DY-5
Pre Columbian Gold* Frog, de Young
Museum
Pin \$7.50; Necklace on chain \$8.50

GH-2
Jade Frog by Cleo Hartwig. Reproduced in
green Alvalite 3 1/4" h. \$15. (Postage \$1.)

NH-50 ES
Pre-Columbian Gold* Frog earrings, Museum
of Natural History \$5.

LOU-17
Lunstan Bronze* Frog Amulet, St. Louis Art
Museum. Pin \$6; Necklace on chain \$7.50

DY-1
Pre Columbian Gold* Frog, de Young
Museum. Pin \$6; Necklace on chain \$7.50

MFA-60
Pre Columbian Large Gold* Frog, Boston
Museum of Fine Art
Pin \$8.50; Necklace on Chain \$18.

P-2
Pre Columbian Double Gold* Frog, Peabody
Museum, Yale Univ
Pin \$6.50; Necklace on Chain \$7.50

* Gold electroplated



AIC-56



AR-1



DY-5



GH-2



NH-50 ES



LOU-17



DY-1



MFA-60



P-2

MUSEUM
COLLECTIONS

Dept. S1 Box 999 Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

GIVE PEOPLE FOR CHRISTMAS

PEOPLE magazine that is! PEOPLE Weekly is Time Inc.'s lively new picture-packed magazine about people being themselves. Launched in March, it's been a best-seller from the start—and it's sold only at newsstands and other retail outlets.

However, subscription requests have been pouring in—and in response, we are offering to members of the Time Inc. family—readers of PEOPLE, TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, FORTUNE and MONEY—a special opportunity to order Christmas gift subscriptions: one year of PEOPLE for \$15. And we'll mail you gift announcement cards to sign and send personally.

PEOPLE is just about the freshest gift anyone could get—new every week, and brand new this year. To order, use the attached card or phone toll-free 800-621-8200 (in Illinois 800-972-8302).



BRIGHT IDEA FOR NFL FOOTBALL NUTS

Complete with—
Official helmet of any
26 NFL teams
Natural burlap shade
Three-way lighting
Solid base

NOW ONLY
\$29.95
(A \$50.00 value!)

If you're nuts about pro football, you've got to go wild over this handsome lamp. It sports an official NFL helmet. The real thing, the same as your favorite superstar wears. Flaunting the colors and insignia of their team... and yours!

You name the NFL team and we've got the "helmet lamp" for you. A sensational sports trophy for your den, bar or office. Yours at such a record-breaking saving, the helmet alone is worth the price.

[A SUPER BUY, CHARGE IT!]

Sports Products
280 Rand Street Central Falls, R.I. 02863

My favorite NFL team(s) _____
(list names)

Send me _____ lamps @ \$29.95 ea. plus
(quantity)

\$2.00 per lamp for postage and handling *

- ☐ With AstroTurf base, \$2.00 extra per lamp
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express

Card # _____ Expiration date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Add sales tax where applicable

With genuine AstroTurf laminated base, \$2 extra (as shown)

Shopwalk

by MYRA GELBAND

CALENDARS MAKE TIMELY PRESENTS BUT
MARILYN IS DATED, VROOM IN VOGUE

A calendar used to be something that came with Christmas greetings from the fuel-oil distributor and was hung inside the kitchen utility closet. We all know what has happened to the oil business, and one might say that calendars are booming, too.

Because sports lend themselves to vivid and graceful photography, they make handsome subjects for today's glossy calendars. *Jet-Air and Ski* (Editions Navos S.A., Lausanne, \$4.95) is so invigorating that it could drive an office-bound climber to hammering pions into a wall. For the Sunday sailor *Reynolds 75* (Goetschalk, Kalender, Berlin, \$9.95) captures the toughness of ocean racing and its exuberance. *Swing 75* (Universe, New York City, \$7.95) conveys more of the beauty and glamour of the big boys. Universe has also produced *The Bicycle Poster* calendar (\$6.95), a curious collection of arty advertisements from the past century that includes languid earth goddesses peddling—though rarely peddling—high-wheelers. *Motorcycle 75* (Elco Graphics, Los Angeles, \$5.95) is a repetitious chronicle of motorcycle racing, as is *Motor-Fun 75* (Goetschalk, \$9.95). If you are thrilled by a motorbike plunging through flaming hay, or wallowing in mire, these are the ones to choose. For punts there is *Grand Prix 1975* (Elco Graphics, \$5.95), which features various cars on the circuit. *Grand Prix* (Universe, \$7.95) does not limit itself to Formula 1 racing, showing cars and courses throughout the world. And to please the zealot of motor sports there is *Speed 75* (Goetschalk, \$9.95), a blur of color and hurtling wheels.

By far the most captivating of the year's lot is *The Sports Fan's Calendar* (Universe, \$2.95). It has few pretensions, using black and white pictures of newspaper quality, but the illustrations are beside the point. Rather, buy the calendar to become the day-to-day trivia expert of the neighborhood. There is a one-liner for almost every date, some as predictable as Henry Aaron's record-breaking home run on April 8, and others that strike one as facetious, like a Virne (Jackie) Mitchell signed as the first woman on the all-time Chattanooga, Tenn. baseball team on April 1, 1931. Are we being fooled?

Maybe all you are after is a Christmas gift for Uncle George, but whatever the motive, the local bookstore or gift shop probably can supply—in the way of calendars—the sporting fuel for your fire. In case the oil man fails to come through

END

**We offer 5 things
that any other reserve
can do for you.**

**And a 6th that
nobody can touch.**

- 1.** The chance to get away from home for a while and make a few decisions.
- 2.** The chance to get yourself in good shape.
- 3.** The chance to get started in a skill that could pay off for life.
- 4.** About 1,300 dollars for 130 days of initial active duty.
- 5.** At least 600 dollars per year after you get home and serve with your reserve unit.
- 6.** The right to call yourself a United States Marine.

The Marine Reserve.

Because we're Marines



Call 800-423-2600, toll free, for the Marine Reserve air or ground unit nearest you.
(In California, call 800-252-0241.)

Salem refreshes naturally.

- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.

Crush-proof box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 10 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.

SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. 74.

100's: 10 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Also in soft packs.
King or Super King

JAL's Orient is...

a business trip that begins
with exchanging business cards
and ends with exchanging golf scores.



The best way to do business in the Orient is to make friends there first.

We at Japan Air Lines can help through our own exclusive Executive Service. With Hospitality Desks at major hotels to help you get in touch with the right people. Japanese/English business cards to make meeting those people a little easier. Guidebooks that can help you pick

out the perfect gifts for your new business associates. And our Executive Lounge in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel as a place for you to meet them.

No matter where you are in the world, you'll find JAL people interested in helping you. Interested in helping you make friends with our friends. And to be your friend, too.

Japan Air Lines, P.O. Box 1160,
New York, New York 10019
Please send me more information
about JAL's Executive Service



Name
Address
City
State Zip
My Travel Agent

making friends



JAPAN AIR LINES



Holiday case
at no extra charge.*

Pack the Pipers Scotch. We've made quite a case for it this season.

You'll go for the taste of the Scotch. And the case. It's imported—just like Pipers. It's soft like leather. And zippered to open on the greatest Scotch you ever gave or got. And you get it at no extra cost.*

How's that for Seagram's Greetings?

100 PIPERS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

*SLIGHT ADDITIONAL CHARGE IN CALIFORNIA

HO, HO, HO... Only V.O. is V.O.



CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES & BOTTLED BY SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.



GIFT WRAPPED
AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

This Holiday give
Seagram's V.O. The Gift Canadian



SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Members of the Baseball Writers Association will be voting for, and possibly electing, new members of the Hall of Fame during the next few weeks. High on the list of eligibles is Ralph Kiner. His credentials—National League leader in home runs for seven straight years while playing half his games in Pittsburgh's cavernous Forbes Field—are impressive, but not a bit more so than those of Ernie Lombardi, who despite 17 mostly brilliant seasons has failed to generate much enthusiasm among the writers. One wonders sometimes what the criteria are.

Lombardi often was described as lumbering, which may be why he has been slow getting support. Bouts of jokes do not make the Hall of Fame. Opponents hardly considered Lombardi a clown, however. Knowing he was one of the slowest men ever to run up a first-base path but one of the hardest hitters the game has seen, infielders played him partway into the outfield. But there was no stopping him. He won the batting crown twice, with .342 in 1938 and .330 in 1942. He batted over .300 10 times—only Bill Dickey among the 10 Hall of Fame catchers did better, with 11—and had a lifetime average of .306, third best among modern Hall of Fame catchers. In all the statistics having to do with hitting and catching, only Gabby Hartnett, Dickey and Yogi Berra topped Lombardi, who was 6'3" and 230 pounds in an era when a 180-pounder was considered large. Another of his accomplishments was that he rarely struck out—six times in 1935, 11 in 1943 and 1945, 12 in 1942. Known as Schnozer for his outsized nose, Ernie spent most of his playing days with Cincinnati. Funny he was and sad it is that he has had few advocates.

FUT DOWN

Sandy Allen of Shelbyville, Ind. is 19, weighs 421 pounds, wears size 16EEE shoes, likes basketball and volleyball and, oh yes, stands 7' 5½" tall. Sandy is

a she, the world's tallest woman, to be precise. Her playing has been limited somewhat by a bum knee that has been operated on, but her humor is intact. Introduced to pro basketball players George McGinnis (6'8") and Mel Daniels (6'9") recently, she said, "They seemed sort of short to me."

COURT CASES

This has been a hard year on pro basketball players. When the Knicks' Bill Bradley, who had played in 200 consecutive regular-season and 45 playoff games, was forced out of the lineup several weeks ago, he was the 44th player to have missed at least one game this season because of illness or injury.

Roughness in all basketball has been on the increase. ABA Commissioner Tedd Munchak became so angered that he fired off a memorandum to the ABA clubs warning that detrimental conduct would be punishable "by fine, suspension, or both to the limits, at my discretion, not to exceed \$25,000." Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has resorted to goggles to forestall further scratching of his retina. Eye injuries have become so common, in fact, that soon everybody may be wearing some sort of protective device, perhaps soft, uncorrected contact lenses.

But it is not just rough play that is responsible for the mass trauma. Dr. Martin E. Blazina, director of Clinical Research of the National Athletic Health Institute of Inglewood, Calif., believes that the nature of the game itself is at fault. Endless seasons, protracted athletic careers and intensive conditioning and training techniques take their toll, he says. The repetitive movements demanded by the sport, including running, jumping and sudden starting and stopping on unyielding surfaces, are contributing to three major injuries—jumper's knee, Achilles tendinitis and fatigue fracture of the tibia.

Jumper's knee is a kind of tendinitis that if untreated can cause a catastrophic rupture of the knee mechanism, neces-

sitating surgery. Operations are not always successful. Rupture of the Achilles tendon often occurs after a player has suffered prolonged pain and discomfort. Surgery is required here, too, and about a third of the operated cases Dr. Blazina studied were unable to return to basketball. Most problems with the tibia—the large bone in the leg—have been thought to be shin splints, Dr. Blazina says. Rest, arch supports and physical therapy are the best treatment.

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH . . .

It is hard to know where to begin with these two doughty young men. Suffice to say, if they are any example of the rising generation, we are in for an age of strivers the likes of which we have seldom known.

First, Bill Walder of Manchester, Ohio. As a sixth-grader his hopes to make the basketball team suffered a sudden but sure setback: broken elbow. In the eighth grade it was football: broke a



finger. By December of that year Bill was back in basketball. Not really. He fell off his bike and fractured his skull. Out for three months.

After assorted arm sprains, a concussion and a knee sprain that prevented him from playing freshman football this fall, Bill for some reason thought he had it made in basketball. Nope. Broken finger. But there's no discouraging him. As he told his mother, "If it's true that every time you break a bone it heals strong-

Chris Madden

er, then I'll be a superman when I'm 21."

Now Stan Cadow, a real case. Stan is 18, a 135-pound senior at East Jefferson High, outside of New Orleans. Last summer he hitchhiked 600 miles with 75¢ in his pocket to run a marathon. He arrived starving at the starting line a day and a half later but covered 24 miles before a Red Cross worker induced him to quit because he was ripping a calf muscle in two. Earlier he had hitched even further for a mile walking race, arrived in the dead of night and slept out, catching a horrible cold. He finished fifth out of 25 starters, about 20 seconds behind the leader.

But all along Stan's real event was the decathlon. Without filling in the gory details, when he was 16 he qualified for the AAU nationals in Philadelphia and finished 11th. This year he went to Jackson, Miss. for the AAU regionals, but with certain misgivings. For three months he had been wrapping a sore left wrist in an Ace bandage, the three nights before the meet he had gone almost sleepless fulfilling his duties as student assistant to the executive secretary of the State Association of Student Councils, and he arrived by bus in Jackson two hours late.

Stan was permitted to compete, anyway, and promptly bruised his heel in the long jump. The pain became so intense that he forgot about his wrist. Even so, he hung on grimly through the pole vault and the other eight events in the two-day contest, at the end running his best 1,500 meters ever. He finished a close second. The next week his mother had the wrist X-rayed. It was broken.

SOCCER TO 'EM

The name of the new North American Soccer League team in Tampa is the Rowdies. The team slogan is, "Soccer is a kick in the grass." Rough.

COMING UP WINGS

The recent retirement of Cannonade is one more reminder, if reminder there need be, that winning the Kentucky Derby is not always a bed of roses. John Olin's colt was the 13th first-place finisher in the 100-year history of the Derby that never won another race. He started only three more times, coming in third in the Preakness, third in the Belmont and fifth in the Dwyer.

The others that found the going all up hill? Fonso (1880), Manuel (1899), Pink Star (1907), Behave Yourself (1921),

Morvich (1922), Flying Ebony (1925), Babbling Over (1926), Broker's Tip (1933), Hoop Jr. (1945), Jet Pilot (1947), Dark Star (1953) and Dancer's Image (1968). Those four in the '20s don't say much for the gaiety of the decade, or maybe they say too much.

PARADISE LOST

Oregon had recently acquired the land for Cape Kiwanda State Park, and parks designer Larry Jacobson was waxing eloquent. "It is an area with one of the most varied uses on the coast," he said. "We've got dory fishermen, we've got hikers, we've got surfers, picknickers and hang-gliders." He paused reflectively, then added, "What we've actually got is a mess."

CLIMBING OUT OF THE POLITICAL SWIM

Dr. Edwin Paget, the North Carolina State professor who advocated more vigorous workouts for President Ford to increase his brain power (SCORECARD, Sept. 9), was in receipt of depressing news from the President's press secretary, Ron Nessen.

"Efforts were being made by various groups to raise funds to build a swimming pool for President Ford," Nessen wrote. "However, due to the current economic situation the President decided the plans should be delayed." Professor Paget fired a note back to Nessen informing him that the President could get a fairly good workout by running up and down the steps between the second and third floors of the White House 30 minutes a day. At that, he was letting the President off easy. Had Paget anything to say about it, he would insist that all officials having important decision-making functions run at least an hour a day. As a consequence, they would presumably not only make decisions, but the right ones.

ANTI-THINGAMASMOG

Richard Petty, who won an unprecedented fifth straight Grand National championship this year, may have a new advantage going into the new season—an antismog device. If it works out as well as Petty's brother Maurice thinks it will, sooner or later, he says, "everybody will have to come around to it."

The Pettys used the unit in competition for the first time several weeks ago in the Los Angeles Times 500 at Ontario Motor Speedway. Richard was in second

place with just 12 of the 200 laps to go when his engine blew. The antismogger, says Maurice, who heads the Petty pit crew and mechanical operation, "had absolutely nothing to do with the trouble. We'll use it again at Riverside in January, and if it keeps working we'll keep using it."

The contrivance is similar to the anti-nitrogen oxide retrofit unit approved by the California Air Resources Board and sold to the public from 1966 to 1970 for \$35, including installation. It recycles exhaust fumes through the manifold, burning the fumes twice. The second burning cuts down the heat in the combustion chamber. The lowering of peak temperatures, says Maurice, should prolong the life of the engine and it could increase power.

QUICK STUDY

The *Montreal Gazette* takes responsibility for this one about the European visitor watching her first football game. The rain was falling in sheets, the field was a swirl of water.

"I think I understand the game fairly well now," she said, "but I still have one question."

"Shoot."

"What do they do if it doesn't rain—water the field before the game?"

REARVIEW MIRROR OF LIFE

Cars around Boston have broken out with a new bumper sticker: HELP PRESERVE OUR WILD LIFE—THROW A PARTY.

THEY SAID IT

• Dave Green, Cincinnati Bengals' punter, quoting his mother: "Your average would be better if you didn't have to kick to the cemetery corner."

• Bernie Geoffrion, Atlanta coach, after the Flames' fifth straight loss: "I'm going home and watch Tarzan on the late show. I wish I could sign him, Jane and the monkey. Then I'd have a line."

• Hunter Enns, New York Giants' assistant coach from Fort Worth, asked how he liked life in the big city: "I live on the Connecticut line, our offices are in White Plains and we play at Yale. The only way I get to New York is by taking the wrong turn on the parkway."

• Red Kelly, Toronto Maple Leafs' coach and former NHL All-Star defenseman, asked if he would come out of retirement to help his club. "Not for a million dollars. No, I have to take that back." **END**

What a Lot of People Have Been Waiting For.



"We're waiting for a car that's big enough for our family, but offers the economy of the smaller cars."



"I'm waiting for a car that's small. And sporty."



"We're waiting for a company that's willing to stand behind its cars for a full year."

The new Small Fury combines room for a family of six with the ride and handling that you would expect from a much bigger car. You also get the operating economy of our smallest, lightest Fury. You can even forget about points & condenser, thanks to our Electronic Ignition System.

What you've been waiting for is the new Small Fury. It's sporty. With bright metal trim, sleek hood and roof line, plenty of glass area and a new grille treatment. You can have sport options like a sun roof, custom wheel covers and a console. The Small Fury, at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.

You can quit waiting. Here's "the Clincher." Chrysler's new 12 month unlimited mileage warranty. "For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage." The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.



It's Here. The Small Fury.





Anything goes.

IBM Reports

The computer and productivity

At a time in which many economic axioms are being severely tested, one stands firm. Today more than ever, productivity is recognized as a basic measure of economic progress.

In the long term, raising the standard of living of all the world's people will require major breakthroughs in productivity. In the short term, the erosion of inflation makes substantial increases in productivity necessary to help maintain the standards that have already been achieved.

These needed increases in productivity will come not only from working harder, but from working "smarter". Only through improved management of our resources—human, natural and financial—will we be able to maintain and improve our quality of life.

Of all the "engines" that have been developed to help us with our work, few possess the computer's potential for contributing to productivity.

Today, computers are helping design engineers test concepts without building expensive prototypes. They are helping farmers raise more abundant crops by providing information on the best land use patterns.

They are helping manufacturers increase production yields and improve product quality while conserving raw materials and energy. They are helping hospitals improve medical care by relieving doctors and nurses of many administrative duties. And they are doing much, much more.

A principal reason for this growing usefulness is the increased productivity of computers themselves. In 1952 it cost \$1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today they can be done for a penny on a modern large-scale computer system.

A dozen years ago the least expensive IBM computers were beyond the financial reach of many smaller firms. Now models with comparable capacity are available for a fraction of the cost.

At the same time as per-function costs have decreased, major strides have been made in applying computers to new kinds of jobs and in simplifying their operation. Today thousands of IBM computers, large and small, are at work helping small companies to compete, helping large firms run more efficiently, helping make the economy more productive at all levels.

For us at IBM, the challenge of productivity is plain. It lies in continuing to help increase the productivity of the computer. The rest will follow.

IBM

IT'S BUFFALO BUT THAT'S NO SHUFFLE

The Knicks were winning with no-name kids until they met the speedy Braves, minus two big names, in two big games **by PAT PUTNAM**

Things were going along pretty good for the New York Knicks. On Tuesday a week ago there they were, beating the Kings of Kansas City-Omaha 106-102 and laughing at all the people who said they couldn't win without Dave DeBusschere and Willis Reed, Jerry Lucas and Dean Meminger. The first three had retired and Meminger had been given away in the expansion draft. It was supposed to be the kind of year in which "rebuilding" would be the key word. But a whole slew of lightly regarded Knicks were having surprisingly good seasons, and at that moment, after polishing off the Kings, they occupied second place in the NBA's Atlantic Division, ahead of Boston and Philadelphia, and trailing Buffalo by half a game. Then, alas for the Knicks, they weren't merely trailing the Braves but playing them. And in a two-game series they twice came up short.

A lot of folks have found themselves coming up short when they have to play the Braves, who were supposed to be tough but maybe not that tough. After their double romp over the Knicks—108-104 at home Friday night and 118-102 Saturday afternoon in Madison Square Garden—Buffalo became, by a few hours, the first team in the NBA to win 21 games (they have lost but eight). Most notably the Braves were winning without two of their best players, For-

ward Jim McMillian and Guard Ernie DiGregorio. DiGregorio tore up his left knee in the sixth game of the season and will be out until at least mid-January. McMillian was operated on for appendicitis after the 13th game and at the time of the Knick series he was getting ready to come back.

Coach Jack Ramsay was ready to split a gut himself last week because nobody seemed to be excited about his undermanned team's heroics. "I guess you can say I am disturbed that we really haven't gotten as much recognition as we deserve," he said. "We were hurt badly by the injuries but we didn't fall flat like other teams with injuries did. I really get burned. We come into New York and the writers ask, 'Are you surprised at the Knicks' Mel Davis and Harthorne Wingot? Hell, I'm not surprised. But nobody asks me if I'm surprised at our Kenny Charles and Dale Schlueter and Randy Smith. Come on, my people are doing something. I heard that Bob McAdoo was disturbed when he picked up *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and saw Rick Barry on the cover. Well, McAdoo is doing more for his team than any player in the league, including Barry."

Apparently unaware that Buffalo was doing a slow-burn because of its relative anonymity, New York was loose as it prepared to play back-to-back games against the division leaders within a span

of 17 hours. ("That's not a break between games," said Bill Bradley. "It's only a long halftime.") Tuesday night at the Garden, after the Kings had fallen, Walt Frazier was wandering around the Knicks' dressing room wearing a long yellow fox fur coat. Tom Riker, the reserve center twice cut but now apparently ready to play in the NBA, spotted his teammate and howled.

"Clyde, I thought I told you to stop wearing those dead animals in here," he yelled.

Frazier scowled. "I'll stop wearing 'em when you stop going out with 'em." Then the All-Star guard grinned. "These guys are always making fun of me about my car and my clothes. I like it, it keeps everybody loose."

Loose the Knicks remained, right up until the tip-off in Buffalo. The New York forecourt, overeager to stop McAdoo, found itself deep in foul trouble halfway through the second quarter. As he has all season, Knick Coach Red Holzman went to his bench, where a crew of unheralded but at times surprisingly talented young reserves awaited his beck. Into the breach, in varying combinations, he sent Davis, Riker, Henry Bibby, Howard Porter and Dennis Bell. Bibby put in 15 points in the period. A minute af-

continued

Randy Smith, one of a flock of good Buffalo guards, sails between Bradley and Frazier.





Bobby tries to evade Smith's close defense.

NO SHUFFLE resumed

ter Bradley sat down with his third foul Buffalo led by six. But at halftime the Knicks were ahead by one.

"It was great," Phil Jackson said later. "Three starters on the bench in foul trouble and we end up leading by a point at halftime. I wish we could have won with those kids playing."

Three starters on the bench, and a fourth, Center John Ginnells, back in New York with a sprained ankle. It didn't seem to matter. Jackson eventually fouled out, as did Bradley, but for Buffalo nothing was working. By 9:14 of the last quarter, the Knicks led by 11. But the Braves kept running, as they do, took the defense to the Knicks and finally New York wilted. In one six-minute stretch, Buffalo reeled off 15 straight points and held on the last three minutes to win by four. McAdoo had 42. So much for the Knick bench in Game One.

On the sidelines McMillian thought of how good it would be when he and DiGregorio returned to action. "When I went out after Ernie was hurt, I thought at the worst we'd play .500 ball. But I think injuries have helped this team. Players who would be sitting on the bench have played and gained confidence. We used to play just eight, maybe nine guys a game. When Ernie and I get back, we'll have 10 or 11. But if we keep winning, I may just take off until the playoffs."

When DiGregorio was lost no one was joking about the playoffs. The Braves are

in trouble when they can't run, and the little guard from Providence College was the one they had looked to, to make them go.

"We were out on the Coast when Ernie was hurt," Ramsay said. "I told the players, 'Look, Ernie is going back for an operation. That means we're going to have better defense, and we won't score as much.' We needed a different approach but we thought we could still win."

Buffalo could, ripping off 11 straight victories. After the sixth of those the Braves lost McMillian, the team captain who plays every facet of the game well and, at 26, is the steady influence. But then the Braves dropped five out of seven, including three straight, and Ramsay began juggling his lineup. Jack Marin, who had been useful coming off the bench, had replaced McMillian as a starter. But now he was playing 40 minutes instead of 20. Ramsay spelled him by moving Schlueter, a journeyman who is performing better than that, to center, and McAdoo, who at 6' 10" is stunningly quick, from center to forward, where he is just as devastating offensively.

At first it was Randy Smith and Lee Winfield at guard, then Kenny Charles and Bobby Weiss. Now, at least until DiGregorio returns, it is Smith and Charles, and no matter what combination is in there, it appears to be the right one.

"Because of the injuries," says Ramsay, "I've learned where I can go when we need help. When I started I set a goal of winning 50 games, and nothing has changed my mind. Last year we won 42 games by outscoring our opponents, not by defense, and we gave up more points than anybody in the league. But no more. Our game has to start with defense. We can't play a basket exchange kind of game because we can't get running room. You get running room from defense—guard defense. You don't get it after another team scores. And if we get the room we can run with any team in the league. Including the Celtics—and they know that."

If the Braves love to run, the Knicks do not, or at least not very often. Holzman has designed a beautifully patterned offense and demands that his troops perform it with discipline. Few teams use the 24-second clock better than New York. The Knicks bring the ball down, move it around and always look for the open man. For Holzman, patience means

two points. With DeBusschere and Reed up front it was crisp and effective. When they retired, the offense was expected to crumble into chaos, but it hasn't.

"It's really quite simple," explains Bradley, the team's venerable patrician. "There is no magic in this game when it is played correctly. On our team we have a system that's proved to work—providing each individual does his job. And then it really doesn't matter who the individual is, but what role he is taking in the system."

At the beginning of the season no one was certain who would fill what role. Oh, certainly, Frazier and Earl Monroe would be the guards. And, of course, Bradley would be one of the forwards.

One senior and three junior Knicks: Frazier.



But even that trio wouldn't get far without some help. Even last year, when they had all those other people, the Knicks were considered suspect. Frazier and DeBusschere were acknowledged stars, but Monroe still suffered from the "great one-on-one player" stigma, and Bradley ran hot and cold. Jackson, it was said, lacked coordination, and Giamelli was not muscular enough to be an effective NBA center. Bibby and Meminger might be adequate backcourt relief, but the Knicks were weak up front. Wingo was just a guy with big feet and a funny name. Lucas, Reed's original replacement, was off his game. Still, on the strength of their picture-book defense, they made it to the Eastern Conference finals, losing

to the Celtics in five. But now what?

Seated in his small, neat office inside the Garden the other day, Holzman fingered a cigar and made a decision. "I'll have a hard boiled egg sandwich," he said to his secretary. Then he turned his agile mind back to the beginning of the season.

"Any time you lose four guys who know exactly what was going on you know you're in trouble. But I didn't think we were in as much trouble as everyone else seemed to think. I just knew we were in for a lot of long hard work, more than ever before. I don't think a coach is earning his money if he says, 'Well, I don't have the guys, so what can I do?' He's got to take what he's got and work with it to make it the best he can. It's not guesswork. We look for players who we feel can play our game. Like Wingo. He's no surprise. We knew what he could do and he's worked damned hard. We just teach everyone as much as we can—mostly by repetition—and then hope that certain team movements become automatic."

It didn't work very well in the exhibition season. The Knicks lost six of eight games and looked terrible.

"We'd get guys like Jesse Dark and Mel Davis in there and we couldn't run any plays because they didn't know what to do," says Frazier of that period. "Now they do. Now we have confidence in everybody because if they didn't know their plays Red would have them out. My first year I wasn't any good because my teammates didn't have confidence in me. So now I try to let the younger guys know that I have confidence in them. Maybe not in words but by things I do on the floor."

Holzman also changed his offense, which, he says, is not as much guard-oriented as some claim. The fine distinctions don't bother him. If it is working, and usually it is, what difference does it make what it is called?

"It's basically the same offense we've always used," says Holzman. "The only difference is that if the play breaks down, Frazier and Monroe can take over and go one-on-one, and why not, the way they do it?"

With Wingo and Jackson blossoming into dependable forwards and Giamelli quietly contributing a good measure of defense at center, the Knicks alternated wins and losses in their first 12 games, they won 11 of their next 13 before coming up against Buffalo. And they've been

winning with their guards. Monroe and Frazier have averaged 21.9 and 21.0 per game and Bibby has been getting a point for every two minutes he plays. The pleasantest news was the development of the youngsters, especially Wingo, Davis and Riker. And Giamelli.

"I know that people say a team can't win with Giamelli at center," said Giamelli, speaking as quietly as he plays. "Well, I don't think they know. If I only score four points it doesn't mean I played a bad game. We play a team game and statistics really don't mean anything. We usually get outrebounded but we win. There are other things: picking, setting, playing defense, blocking shots. I'm a good center at all those things. Sure I'll have trouble with Lanier or Kareem or McAdoo, but the team will make up for it elsewhere."

Saturday afternoon the Knicks had trouble with McAdoo once again, and this time no one made it up anywhere. New York got off to a fast start, leading 29-20 at the end of the first quarter, but then McAdoo and the fiercely running Braves took over, and that is what it turned out to be, a runaway. By halftime Buffalo was ahead 56-48 though McAdoo, who appeared tired (he was playing his third game in less than three days), had scored only 13 points. The third quarter was almost even but, just as they had done the night before in Buffalo, the Knicks flagged and fell. Buffalo won the last period 30-22 and at one stage led by as many as 21 points.

McAdoo finished with 37 points and 15 rebounds, giving him totals of 79 and 38 in less than 24 hours. "The last time we played the Knicks in the Garden we played stupid and lost," he said. "Now we beat them two straight. We let them know we are a better team."

END

McAdoo dominated the series with 79 points.



Davis, Wingo and Bell struggle for the ball.



FOR OPENERS, SUPER BOWL VIII^{1/2}

The first half of the season was rousing, the second half drowsing, the Bills and the Cards made the playoffs and the big game between the Raiders and the Dolphins could well be superior to the Super Bowl **by DAN JENKINS**

Well, at last it is all very clear for devoted followers of the National Football League's games of chance. The playoffs begin with American East meeting American West in the West, and American Central meeting American Wild Card in the Central. National West plays National Wild Card in West, Calif., and National East plays National Central at Central, Minn. As for the championship games on Dec. 29, the American will be played either in West, Calif., Central, Pa. or East, Fla. while the National will take place either in East, Mo. or Central, Minn. Some say, of course, that these games will actually be played at NBC and CBS, with ABC, the Wild Card network, standing by in case Rhoda is injured in an automobile accident. Anyway, there they are, gang, your basic Super Bowl contenders, who look enough like last

year's to make a fellow conchal a yawn.

Halfway through the long, 14-game regular season it was all exciting and different. Remember the New England Patriots? They were 6-1 and had beaten Miami, Los Angeles and Minnesota, three of the teams that have since gained the playoffs once again. Remember the St. Louis Cardinals? They were 7-0 and had beaten Washington twice and Dallas once. But, alas, as the season droned on, the Patriots wound up in a medical clinic, and the Cardinals got back in form, barely staggering into the playoffs on Terry Metcalf's traffic violations and Jim Hart's rejuvenated arm. St. Louis on its fast start, and Buffalo, the Wild Card American East largely on two narrow victories over New England, are the two new teams in the playoffs, replacing Dallas and Cincinnati. Alone, they carry the hopes of the downtrodden against the Establishment teams in the holiday drive for spots in Super Bore 9. Sorry, Pete. Make that Super Bowl IX.

It would be lovely to think that the chances of the surprising Cardinals and the semisurprising Bills are excellent in these playoffs, but they are not. Right away, St. Louis must go to Minnesota and the natural ice of Metropolitan Stadium and face a team it lost to at home in a Monday night game that most home teams win. St. Louis can beat anybody if Hart can get the ball to Metcalf or Mel Gray. But the Vikings are tough and reliable and playoff oriented. While St. Louis' Don Coryell probably deserves to be Coach of the Year for proving that a college guy can do the job quickly, the Vikings are rested and ready from napping through an easy division. In a game of word association Minnesota usually suggests sleep, but not when Fran Tarkenton is throwing to John Gilliam.

In the other game in the National Conference, Los Angeles vs. Washington, there are great mysteries. The Redskins are partly old, partly crippled and have no running backs. The Rams have the talented but unpredictable Jimmy Harris

at quarterback and questionable outside speed. The two teams played a rather meaningless game against each other recently and the Redskins won, but even Bill Kilmer said, "The Ram defense wasn't there."

Carroll Rosenbloom, the Ram owner, says, "This team is good enough to win the Super Bowl. It has togetherness."

And George Allen, Washington's coach, says of the Redskins, "I've never been prouder of any team," a typically startling quote from Allen, having to do with the fact that Washington once again has overcome age and injury.

For whatever it means, three of the four National playoff teams—L.A., Minnesota and Washington—played most of their games on God's grass, two of them have Super Bowl coaches in Bud Grant and George Allen, and the same two have experienced quarterbacks in Fran Tarkenton and the combination of Kilmer and Sonny Jurgensen, Sonny being the guy who got the Redskins untracked when he came in and whipped Miami early in the season.

For all of this, one has to think that St. Louis' chances of plodding through two playoff games to New Orleans are better than those of the other newcomer, Buffalo. There is one big reason: the American Conference, if you judge it by owners, coaches, quarterbacks and overall playing talent, is still the stronger of the two. And Buffalo, as thrilling a team as it is with O. J. Simpson, Joe Ferguson and such receivers as Ahmad Rashad and J. D. Hill, must go up against the most physical of all teams, Pittsburgh. Then, if the Bills were to win, they would have to meet the Oakland-Miami winner.

True, Buffalo beat Oakland in what was one of the first and perhaps best games of the whole season, and lost twice to Miami in games it could easily have won, but experience counts tremendously in the playoffs. Buffalo looks good enough to beat Pittsburgh if things go well for Ferguson, the Steelers being the

St. Louis surprise is spirited Terry Metcalf.



only team to reach the playoffs without a quarterback, but the Bills do not look steady enough to do that and then handle either Oakland or Miami.

All of which means that the real Super Bowl will be played in the mud of Oakland this Saturday when the Raiders greet the Dolphins. Oakland might well have had a perfect season had it not been for the last-second loss to the Bills and an emotional letdown against Denver, and it ought to be noted that Miami, at times overconfident, at times injured and at times bored, nevertheless lost its three games to fairly competent throwers, Sonny Jurgensen, Jim Plunkett and Joe Namath.

In short, Oakland and Miami bring to the playoffs the best in speed (Paul Warfield, Mercury Morris, Cliff Branch), the best in quarterbacking (Bob Griese and Ken Stabler) and the best in genius (Don Shula, Al Davis). These are consistently winning teams, well-rounded and pretty exciting, if you don't mind watching an occasional Larry Csonka or Marv Hubbard.

For connoisseurs of the playoff teams, here is some brew-a-brac:

Washington played the toughest regular-season schedule in the National Conference, Buffalo in the American.

Minnesota played the easiest schedule in the National, eight of its 10 victories coming against teams at or under .500, and Pittsburgh played the easiest in the American.

Only Oakland avoided losing games to teams at or under .500.

St. Louis and L.A. both lost games to New Orleans.

Minnesota and L.A. both lost games to Green Bay.

Pittsburgh and Buffalo both lost games to Houston.

Miami and Buffalo both lost games to the Jets.

Two black quarterbacks made the playoffs, Harris and Joe Galloway.

One left-handed quarterback made the playoffs, Stabler.

One college coach made the playoffs, Coryell.

Three media-hating coaches made the playoffs, Shula, Allen, Grant.

Two teams each came out of the toughest divisions, Miami and Buffalo in the American East, and Washington and St. Louis in the National East.

The Rams came out of the easiest division of all, the National West.



Buffalo's versatile offense is spearheaded by G. J. Simpson and young Joe Ferguson (12).

St. Louis lost the most games on artificial turf, four.

Minnesota lost the most games on dirt, four.

The best quotes came from Jurgensen and Fred Dryer, the Rams' defensive end. They are unprintable.

The regular season for also-rans was highlighted by the following:

New England and Cincinnati won the Injury Derby.

Atlanta was the biggest disappointment, and as Norm Van Brocklin went out the way he came in, telling everyone to get a haircut, and as Owner Rankin Smith went into hiding in dark glasses and a false mustache, Falcon Dave Hampton said, "It's the closest parallel to Watergate I can think of."

Bud Adams of Houston discovered that Sid Gillman had 11 assistants and looked at film a lot.

Charger Owner Gene Kline got married in August and was seldom seen thereafter.

There were only two sudden-death games and one of those ended in a tie.

Denver's Otis Armstrong emerged as a real challenger to O J.

The National Conference produced only one 1,000-yard runner, the Rams' Lawrence McCutcheon.

Everybody threw to the running backs.

Cleveland and Kansas City played the toughest schedules and showed it: 4-10 and 5-9.

Baltimore's Bob Irsay fired a coach and didn't hire a new one.

Philadelphia's receivers replaced the touchdown spike with "Roll Six," a maneuver in which they sank to their knees and tossed the ball like dice.

The Giants lost four games in the final minute but they already had lost the city.

Chicago's Abe Gribbon called time-out to tell his Bears to run out the clock.

New England's Mack Herron, who is too small for pro football according to the Dallas computer, ran, caught and returned the football for 2,444 yards to break Gale Sayers' record.

A Raider wide receiver, Steve Swenson, quit the game when he discovered his religion did not condone violence.

Quarterbacks named Clint Longley, Brian Sipe, Larry Cipa, Mike Boryla and Tom Owen won football games.

Nobody went out for a beer on field goals and extra points.

And as the sun slowly settles Saturday on the real Super Bowl, Oakland against Miami, America will look wistfully to St. Louis and Buffalo in the hope that something new and different pops up in New Orleans on Jan. 12.

EW

BRUISERS AND BUNNY HOPPERS

In Philadelphia they are one and the same thing—the champion Flyers—and they are sniffing the lettuce again

by MARK MULVOY

For this week's diversion from the rigors of hockey, Coach Freddie (The Fog) Shero—already the creator of such novelties as the Tennis Ball Tango, the Wrist Waltz, the Blue-Line Bunny Hop and the Goaltenders' Sleighride—planned to bus his Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia Flyers over to Temple University and put them through three hours of tests to determine the player with the strongest grip, the strongest arms, the strongest legs, the strongest back, the most endurance and the least mental fat. The best performer presumably gets to be Mr. Flyer in the next Mr. America contest. "I'm afraid Freddie's in for a shock," said Captain Bobby Clarke. "He's going to discover that nine of us ought to be teaching school and the other nine ought to be working as bouncers."

Maybe so. For sure, Dave (Hammer) Schultz, Bob (Hound) Kelly, Andre (Moose) Dupont, Don (Bird) Saleski and some of their fast-fisted friends could clean out Remy's, a Flyer hangout across the river in New Jersey, in a couple of minutes. On the other hand, Bill Clement, Rick MacLeish, Terry Crisp, Bill Barber, Joe Watson and a scattering of deep-thinking colleagues probably could handle a high school history class. As for Clarke, the tests no doubt will show that he should be a teacher of peace and love by day and a bouncer by night.

When he wears his teeth, his wide, tint-

ed glasses and his Flin Flon winter suit—a rainbow ensemble consisting of a blue leather jacket, black corduroy Levi's, a flowered shirt, milk-stained platform loafers and no socks—Clarke looks peaceable enough. But when he removes his teeth, substitutes contact lenses for the tints and replaces his gaudy garb with an orange and black Flyer uniform, Clarke becomes a skating miniature of the Hound and the Hammer—with more talent, of course.

Sans teeth, Clarke, hockey's most indomitable forward, leads the NHL's Campbell Conference in scoring and has the feisty Flyers coasting along in first place in the Patrick Division. "Big deal," says Clarke. "We haven't played that well. It takes two teams to make a game, and we don't seem to bring out the best in a lot of the other clubs anymore." Indeed, the Minnesota North Stars showed up at the Spectrum with failing hearts and trembling legs for their game with the Flyers last Thursday night and they

avoided body and puck contact so well that Philadelphia Goaltender Bernie Parent had himself an easy 6-0 shutout. Clarke, in a routinely deft performance, set up each of Right Wing Reggie Leach's three goals. It was Clarke who persuaded the Flyers to grab Leach, a linemate in his junior days, from California, during the off-season. Today the Clarke-Leach-Barber line rivals Buffalo's French Connection for destruction.

Down in Atlanta the following night the slumping Flames at least challenged the Flyers for the puck and attempted a little body-bouncing, so for the first time in weeks the Flyers played like the old Broad Street Bullies, defeating the Flames 3-2 on MacLeish's deflection of Watson's shot on the power play with precisely 93 seconds remaining. Schultz had watched most of the game from the press box, he left the ice by order of Referee Ron Wicks after collecting 17 penalty minutes on one play and then giving Wicks the choke sign with a towel.





Bobby Clarke faces off with Minnesota's Fred Stanfield during last week's 6-0 rout.

So far, Schultz is hammering along almost 50% ahead of his pace in 1973-74, when he spent a record 348 minutes in NHL penalty boxes. He appears to be going for 500 this season.

"The NHL rewrote the rule book last summer just to hurt guys like Schultz," says Clarke. "Once Schultz hits a guy, he has to go to the box without arguing. One word and he gets another penalty. When you think of it, they're penalizing Schultz for being aggressive, yet hockey is supposed to be an aggressive game." Strangely enough, Clarke himself leads the league in apologies. In recent weeks he has expressed his "deepest regrets" to 1) NHL President Clarence Campbell for implying that the 69-year-old Campbell is too old to be running the league, and 2) his close friend Rod Seiling of the Maple Leafs for spearing Rod in a game.

The Campbell incident still ripples

with Clarke and the Flyers. In October, Kelly and Saleski were involved in a riotous gang fight in Oakland, and when the Flyers skated out for a game in Vancouver the next night, Referee Bryan Lewis informed Clarke that Campbell had suspended Kelly and Saleski indefinitely. Clarke then asked Lewis, who had refereed the game in Oakland, if he had talked with Campbell about the brawl. "No, not at all," Lewis told Clarke. "Well, then how can Campbell suspend them?" Clarke said. There was a hearing on the matter a few days later, and Campbell fixed the suspensions on Kelly and Saleski at six games without pay. "Kelly and Saleski were in the wrong," Clarke admits, "but they didn't get a fair shake because Campbell obviously had decided they were guilty when he suspended them without a hearing in the first place."

Clarke pleads guilty in the Seiling incident, however. "I speared him, I poleaxed him and I cut him close to the eye," Clarke says. "Things like that happen in the heat of the game, I'm afraid. I called Rod the next morning and apologized. What else could I do?" In that game Clarke set a personal record by accumulating 18 minutes in penalties for slashing, cross-checking, hooking, fighting and, of course, spearing. "It's weird," he says. "A couple of days before the game Freddie received a letter from someone in Finland who told him that a Finnish track team had improved its speed dramatically by taking five pollen pills a day for a year. Well, Freddie ordered a bottle of pills for each of us, and I took mine for the first time that day we played in Toronto. It was the last time I took the pills, too, because I never remember having so much zip. Too much."

Needless to say, excessive zip is not a hanging offense in Philly, whose citizens will not soon forget that mad Sunday last May when the Flyers beat the Bruins to capture the Stanley Cup. The city celebrated for weeks, the merriment extending to Clarke's neighborhood across the Walt Whitman Bridge in suburban New Jersey. His front lawn was littered with beer cans and liquor bottles for a week, and the crowds became so festive that police details were sent to protect Bobby and his family from the revelers. "We finally had to move out and stay with some friends for a few days," he says.

"Now that we've won the cup," says Clarke, "I think we've all lost a little of

the fantastic desire we had last year. But we're also a better hockey team, and we win games on talent now that we won on desire before. We're at a stage where we think we are the best. We know that if we do our thing, we'll beat the other club. Let them worry about us. In the old days we worried about them. Not anymore. We used to paste all those newspaper headlines on the bulletin board and read them out loud to psych ourselves up. There's nothing on the board now," Clarke pauses. "Who cares what Scotty Bowman says about us anymore?" he says. "Does it matter?" Told that Bowman, coach of the Montreal Canadiens, recently compared the abilities of Clarke and Buffalo's Gilbert Perreault—hockey's two best young centers—by saying, "You take Perreault and I'll take Clarke, and I'll beat you," Clarke responded, "Bowman said that? Really? That's a change."

Clarke goes onto the ice for a Flyer practice session. Shero, who is known as The Fog because he seems to live in one, enlivens Flyer workouts by substituting tennis balls for pucks, making the players bunny-hop down the ice—anything to forestall creeping boredom. For this session he concocts a ridiculous three-on-one passing play in which the two wings end up out along the boards.

"You're not doing it right, Clarke," Shero yells after the Clarke line loses the puck without getting a shot. "You're not doing it right!" Shero yells again. Eventually, Clarke has enough.

"Buzz off," Clarke says, "you don't know what you're doing."

"I'm the boss here," Shero growls.

"I don't give a damn," says Clarke.

"You're bleeping wrong."

"I know I'm wrong," says Shero after a moment's thought. "I've ruined practice for the last 20 minutes by making you guys do something stupid, but Clarke's the only one here who'll tell me I'm wrong. Just because I'm the coach, it doesn't mean that I know everything."

Clarke laughs. "That's Freddie," he says. "The other day for our pregame meeting he skipped hockey completely and told us about this couple from Russia that had lived on the Main Line for two years and now wanted to go back to Russia. 'Can you imagine that?' he said. 'That just proves there are some people in the world who love misery.'"

Well, it proves they weren't Flyer fans, anyway.

END

BOWL-BOUND AND BOWLED OVER

In their haste to get their dance cards filled, the panicky postseason game committees sent out invitations in early November, only to wind up with teams furnished by undistinguished records **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Woody Hayes says that the other night he dreamed Alabama was knocked off by Notre Dame in the Orange Bowl and his Ohio State team beat USC in the Rose and whisked the national championship from the paws of Bear Bryant. For Bryant that would be a nightmare, but no more frightening than those he has been having in bowl games lately. Barry Switzer of Oklahoma, on the other hand, is without a bowl to dream on, so he is busy trying to talk his way into heaven. Switzer's Oklahoma team—unbeaten, untied and, according to the NCAA, unclear—has a lingering case of the suspensions and again will not be bowling this year. Let anyone forget the Sooners on election day, however, Switzer is offering a few words on his behalf.

"I saw the other undefeated team [Al-

As the rugged file limps to the bowls, Oklahoma and Michigan can only watch and wish.

abama] on television," he said recently. "I think we're better." Naturally, Switzer would say that, not having to play Alabama or anyone else in the postseason, just as Bryant would naturally say, as he did, that a victory over Notre Dame in Miami will make Alabama 12-0, "and there ain't nobody else in that category." All Bear wants, of course, is his fifth national championship (instead of a seventh loss in his last eight bowl trips). Nothing partisan about that.

Then there is Bo Schembechler of Michigan. All Bo wants is justice, and for the Big Ten—and, while they're at it, the Pacific Eight—to change their outdated bowl policy and let the world know there are other teams worth seeing on New Year's Day besides Ohio State and USC. No use getting into it with Bo right now, however, because the irony crowds his throat. There are teams in major bowls that lost more games this year than Bo's teams have lost in the past three. The Wolverines have but two defeats and one tie in their last 33 games and have shared the Big Ten title three times. For this they can now look forward to a third straight year of curling up by the tube with, say, Texas Tech (6-4-1) and Vanderbilt (7-3-1) in the Peach Bowl, or Florida (8-3) and Nebraska (8-3) in the Sugar.

Thus, on this melancholy note, college football's upper crust begins another roundelay of bowl activity. There are two strong rematches—Ohio State vs. USC in the Rose (Ohio State won last time 42-21), Alabama vs. Notre Dame in the Orange (Notre Dame won, 24-23, in the Sugar)—and a number of near misses. The match-ups are actually no worse than they have been in recent years, but therein lies the reason to be sad. They could be so much better.

With the possible exception of the NCAA's executive branch, everyone in college football knows by now the cracks in the bowl structure, and how seriously they undermine the game. Because of unrealistic guidelines—*i.e.*, no legislated guidelines at all—the bowl selection pro-

cess has broken down as often as not the bowls have become a depository for damaged goods. Teams that should be in them are not. Teams selected prematurely often suffer a letdown, falling on their face masks in the last weeks of the season. Teams that finish strong and deserve a look get, instead, a lockout.

The complexion of bowl games has changed radically over the last decade. When the Rose Bowl was introduced in 1902 and even when it was reintroduced in 1916, there were no other bowls. When the Orange, Sugar and Cotton opened for business two decades later, there was still no competition from the pros, no television ratings and until 1936 no polls (except those taken before the games). The bowls were ends in themselves. A holiday reward for the teams. A chance for chambers of commerce to beat their breasts, and the local merchants to make a buck. Those were simpler times.

Now there is the specter of pro football. And network television, exerting big-money pressure (ABC threw a quarter of a million dollars into the Sugar Bowl pot to get Alabama and Notre Dame last year). And a growing number of satellite bowls vying for teams and

attention. The big bowls are no longer ends in themselves. They are a part of a whole, serving to stage climactic games that, in lieu of a playoff system, illuminate or eliminate potential national champions, give the rest of the best a chance to scoop up large quantities of money and prestige and, most important, provide a showcase for college football at the time of year when it is nose-to-nose with the pro playoffs.

However, college football television ratings were down 3% this year, and the bowls, which could help revive them, cannot do much reviving if they offer up a couple of teams on two-game losing streaks, or a team fresh off a 31-point shellacking. The bowls have engendered a cacophony of complaints. Coaches complain that the bowls jerk them around. The bowls complain that the coaches jerk them around. The NCAA executive branch maintains the lofty stance of an innocent bystander and complains that nobody understands it.

There is no doubt that the coaches—at least a chosen few—are controlling the match-ups, apart from those dictated by conference tie-ups. The way it works nowadays is a Bear Bryant, who can ex-

continued



ert more jerk than most, gets on the phone to an Ara Parseghian and says, "Ara, let's take our act to the Orange Bowl," or words to that effect. The Orange Bowl says, sure, guys, we'd love to have you, and the other bowls have to muster, the quicker the better. There are no rules to prohibit this practice, which is the crux of the matter—there are no rules, period, for helping formulate the best possible bowl games. If there were, says Bryant, he would gladly get out of the bowl-pairing business. Bryant thinks everybody should be made to wait till the end of the season. Everybody.

When the word leaked out in early November that the Orange Bowl was locked up, the other bowls went to work. Almost a month of the season remained. The Nov. 9 weekend was catastrophic for early selectees. Florida, chosen for the Sugar Bowl, lost to Georgia. Penn State (Cotton) lost to North Carolina State. North Carolina (Sun) surrendered 54 points in a loss to Clemson (Clemson players said the bowl selection "fired 'em up"). And Vanderbilt (Peach) lost to Kentucky.

Bowl teams floundered to the end of the season. Florida, Georgia (Tangerine), Texas Tech (Peach) and Oklahoma State (Fiesta) lost two of their last three. On the final Saturday, the Alabama-Notre Dame rematch was soured when the Irish were stunned by USC 55-24 on national television. Houston, headed for the Astro-Bluebonnet, was done in by Tulsa, headed nowhere. When it was all over, Georgia and Oklahoma State had lost five games, North Carolina and Texas Tech had lost four and 10 teams had lost three. The cumulative winning percentage of everyone involved is .745, the lowest since 1945.

Worse, the early commitment slammed the door on fast finishers, some of them new blood trying to get a reputation in a got-to-have-a-reputation world. Tulsa won its last seven in a row. Arizona won four straight and finished 9-2. Boston College won its last six, outscoring opponents 270 to 27, and inspiring Holy Cross' Ed Doherty to say, "This is the best Boston College team in history, and it should be representing New England in some bowl." Arizona, like Tulsa, was ignored, and New England remains unrepresented.

It is no secret that NCAA officials have long favored a playoff system that included the bowls. They have been regularly

rebuffed. Coaches object, conferences object, schools object. The bowls won't buy such a plan because it would be the death of them. ("What will we do those three or four years waiting for our turn for the championship game?" says William H. Nicholas of the Rose Bowl.) The NCAA's response has been to act abused and petulant, and to elevate itself above the problem.

Says Assistant Executive Director Tom Hansen: "We get sick and tired of people griping about early selection. If the bowls find themselves in chaos... they deserve what they are getting." Continuing this shortsighted assessment, Hansen says the reason "we had so much difficulty [in the past] enforcing bowl-bid legislation was that our membership didn't think [it] important enough to justify the imposition of penalties." Failing to observe a selection date, he says, "just doesn't equate with such violations as changing a player's transcript or giving him a free apartment."

Interestingly enough, Hansen does not say the NCAA cannot enforce a date. He says, in fact, "there would be no particular difficulty in enforcing one, if the NCAA membership wanted it."

In an obvious attempt to ward off future disappointments, the Orange Bowl next year will begin a tie-up with the Big Eight. At that time, its probation over, Oklahoma will be out of the doghouse. The Big Eight will have its champion in a bowl, and perhaps a runner-up or two in other postseason games.

No such salvation awaits Michigan. In recent non-action, the Pac-8 reaffirmed its will to do nothing about bringing its bowl policy into the last half of the 20th century. The Big Ten shuffles along similarly, adhering to what one Midwestern columnist describes as a "policy to constrain rapid advancement toward anything practical and intelligent."

The Rose Bowl's "exclusivity" clause (league runners-up are not allowed to go anywhere) does little to serve college football, and beyond the much trumpeted fact that the Rose pays more, does even less for those Big Ten and Pac-8 teams that are down the ladder of success. Exclusivity, so zealously guarded by bowl sponsors and NBC-TV, encourages a dubious status quo and continuing frustration among the also-rans.

Both leagues are top-heavy. USC is the only Pac-8 team of bowl caliber this year; Michigan and Ohio State have been the

only Big Ten contenders the past three, although this year Michigan State came close. The weak got weaker. The Big Ten barely broke even in games outside the conference this fall (16-13-1), although that is an improvement over recent years. The Pac-8 was the only prestige conference that was a loser against outside competition (13-17-2). The Southeastern Conference, by contrast, won 40 and tied two of 50 out-of-league games, an .820 percentage. Eight of its 10 teams had winning records and seven are in bowl games. Much of the same is true of the Southwest Conference, where champion Baylor and also-rans Texas Tech and Texas (not to mention soon-to-be-member Houston) are all in bowls.

Big Ten and Pac-8 coaches who want change argue that exclusivity hurts their recruiting, their alumni support and their attendance. Bob Blackman of Illinois says he has had "kids tell me, 'I know your school may be a little better, but when I visited Ohio State every one of the guys I talked to had on a Rose Bowl ring.' If a kid goes to a Big Eight school, he has a 50-50 chance to go to a big bowl. In the Big Ten, he has a 10% chance."

Not even that. Michigan and Ohio State have been to the Rose Bowl eight straight years. In the Pac-8, where USC is making its seventh Rose appearance in nine years, schools outside California haven't made it in 10 years.

What keeps the Pac-8 and Big Ten in line, of course, is fear, fear that the Rose Bowl and NBC-TV will pull the plug if exclusivity is challenged. Overlooked in this argument is that the Rose Bowl never had a sellout until it tied in with the Big Ten. "If they throw us out," says Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham, "who would they get? Penn State?" It is unlikely NBC would be a party to such a state of affairs. Canham argues that 37% of the nation's television sets are in the Midwest.

"If bowls are worth having," says USC's John McKay, a practical man, "we should go to other bowls."

Certainly a team like Michigan deserves to play somewhere this New Year's weekend. And the fans deserve to see them. "You don't make decisions on dollars and cents alone," says Bo Schembechler. "You make decisions on what is best for the players."

And if you are the NCAA and responsible for the broader view, what is best for college football.

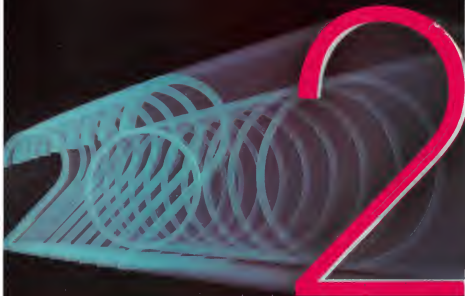
Start something



with Wolfschmidt.

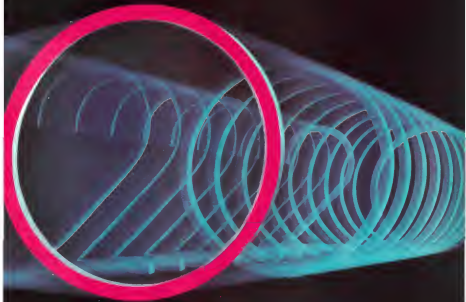
A martini, a bloody mary, a screwdriver.
Or anything else you have in mind.

Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE TWO-HANDED SET SHOT? FOR THAT MATTER, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE ONE-HANDED HANDSHAKE? IN THE PAST 20 YEARS, A SPAN OF TIME THAT COINCIDES WITH THE HISTORY OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, SPORT





HAS UNDERGONE VAST CHANGE—NEW LEAGUES, PLASTIC GRASS, THE EMERGENCE OF BLACKS, WOMEN AND LONELY ENDS, INSTANT REPLAY, DOMED STADIUMS, HOWARD COSELL. A LOOK AT WHERE WE'VE BEEN, AND WHERE WE'RE GOING.



CONTINUED

WAY TO GO, AND THE WAY IT WENT

by RON FIMRITE

A series of instructive home movies featuring the author's tight brushes with the great, near-great, has-beens and never wases

I had never been in greater haste to leave a place. The documents releasing me from two years of undistinguished Army service were in hand as I burst into the company recreation room to tender some swift farewells.

Then, out of the corner of an eye, I saw the familiar, compelling glimmer. It was shed by an 11-inch television screen, around which were clustered the usual dozen or more transfixed young soldiers. Now this was a time in my life when I could not pass a television screen without pausing to stare hopelessly at it, be the fare *Playhouse 90* or *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*. So even in my headlong flight from the colors, I stopped to see what was on. It was Sept. 29, 1954, my last day in the Army, Independence Day.

Mine was not a television generation. Radio was our opium. TV had arrived too late to hold us in thrall as, say, *Fibber McGee* and *Molly* had. It was a curiosity, although there was no arguing its hypnotic powers, its capacity for clouding men's minds. If the set was on, you watched, whether the program was a wrestling match or a cooking lesson.

What was on this day was the opening game of the 1954 World Series between the New York Giants and the Cleveland Indians. It was the eighth inning when I stopped to watch, drawn irresistibly to the shimmering eye.

And, of course, it was the World Series. Don Liddle—"Little Don Liddle"—was pitching for the Giants with Vic Wertz batting. Two men were on base; the score was 2-2. Wertz was a power hitter, capable of winning the game right then. I could not leave. Besides, after two years of defending Western civilization, as we know it, against the Asiatic Communist hordes from behind a typewriter in West Germany, what could a few more minutes matter?

On the next pitch, Wertz slugged the ball into the boundless reaches of center field in the Polo Grounds. Willie Mays, the Giants' young centerfielder, turned his back to home plate and set off in what was obviously futile pursuit. Mays' best hope, it seemed, was to prevent an inside-the-park home run with a quick recovery and accurate throw.

On the small, flickering screen, Mays was running, run-

ning, as if there were no walls to contain him, as if he would track down the ball even if it should descend in a Harlem alley. The ball appeared as a feathery blur, fluttering like a homing pigeon toward the running man. Mays did not even seem to look up as it nestled into his reaching glove.

The audience in the rec room exploded in celebration. We shouted, stomped our feet and punched each other in the arm, that being a popular means of expressing emotion in those days. We did not embrace, for even in our excitement we were, above all else, "cool." Mostly, we just shouted, "Way to go, Willie. Way to go!"

Broadcaster Russ Hodges advised us that we had just witnessed one of the great catches in World Series history. We could hardly dispute that judgment, since most of us had not seen so much as a routine catch in World Series history. We saw it "live," if but once, instant replay being some 10 years away. It was a good moment.

"Way to go, Willie," I choraled to myself as I hurried off to the future that lay in wait. "Way to go!"

I only dimly perceived that what I had just seen was, in a sense, history. I had no idea that the future I was about to embrace so ardently would include a "sports world" of staggering immensity, or that TV, that flickering screen, would capture and illuminate it so insistently.

Television may have breathed life into some sports, notably professional football, but it killed minor league baseball and mortally wounded boxing. Minor league baseball had an attendance of 42 million in 1949; in 1973 it was 11 million. In the same period, the number of teams dropped from 488 to 144. The fans had become accustomed to watching big-league games for free on TV. Boxing seemed at first to thrive on television coverage. The Wednesday- and Friday-night fights were prime-time attractions and name boxers were created overnight—Chico Vejar, Chuck Davey, Ralph (Tiger)

Jones. But the constant exposure ruined the boxing clubs that had been the training ground of champions. There were 300 clubs in 1952, fewer than 50 only seven years later. Then televised boxing reached the limbo of overexposure. By the end of the decade, save for the high-priced theater broadcasts, boxing had all but vanished from the air.

The Richmond Auditorium across the bay from San Francisco was a tidy, greenish building, not at all like the decaying, smoke-filled arenas of fight-game legend. High school basketball seemed more appropriate to these congenial surroundings and, indeed, when the boxing crowd was not there that was the auditorium's principal attraction. And yet the Richmond fight club was successful in the '50s and, like the others, it cultivated its own crop of local favorites. The one I will always remember was Eddie Machen, a heavyweight who later became a leading contender.

Machen was the king of Richmond in the mid-'50s, a powerfully muscled, handsome black man with the air of a champion. His clothes—gaudy, brilliant, luminous combinations—were at least 10 years in advance of male fashion. He was seldom without a dazzling beauty on his arm, and his arrival in the Richmond Auditorium would invariably signal a standing ovation.

Machen would later be knocked out by Ingemar Johansson, then an unknown, and he would take a terrible beating from Floyd Patterson. Finally, he would suffer a nervous breakdown, be embarrassed by several bizarre altercations with the police (one involving a gun) and, at the age of 40, a broken, sad wreck of a man, he would die mysteriously from a fall off his apartment deck in San Francisco's Mission District.

I cannot say for certain if Machen was in the auditorium on April 10, 1956, the night I saw Archie Moore fight there. He probably was, for in those days he seldom missed an opportunity to be introduced in the Richmond ring. But even if he had been there he would have been overshadowed, since it was rare for the local promoters to book a celebrity of Moore's stature. Moore was still the light-heavyweight champion of the world, and only seven months earlier he had fought a gallant heavyweight title match with Rocky Marciano before succumbing in the ninth round. But he had knocked the champion down early in the fight and he remained a champion in his own right. The knowledgeable fight fans in Richmond flocked in great numbers—maybe 3,000—to see this venerable warrior meet an obscure local heavyweight, one Willie Bean.

I was covering the fight for the *Berkeley Gazette*. I say "covering," although that is not an accurate description of what I was doing, since boxing was a beat I had created for myself. I had been hired away by the *Gazette* from a public-

relations job—for which I was monumentally unsuited—to cover high school sports in the East Bay. Boxing was definitely not part of that assignment. The *Gazette*, a parochial college-town paper then, had ignored the sport, presumably in the belief, later confirmed, that it would go away. Boxing also happened to be just one of many sports of which the then sports editor knew nothing and cared less.

As a fight fan, I felt the *Gazette* had been derelict in eschewing the Richmond matches, and I was determined to compensate personally for that neglect. So I appeared at ringside every week, utilizing credentials that had once been passed on to typographers.

I was there, as usual, to see Moore's Richmond debut. Actually, I had seen him fight eight years before in Oakland, when he had lost in a single round to a local hopeful, Leonard Morrow. This brief encounter raised many eyebrows, since Morrow was young and promising, a potential contender, and Moore, who had already been fighting a dozen years, was in the trial-horse period of his career. Rumors, always unfounded, persisted that the older combatant had been handsomely compensated for excusing himself early from the hostilities.

But in 1956 that seemed long ago. Moore's career had recently taken a dramatic turn upward at a time when it might have been expected to wind down. He had become a champion in the '50s. He had fought and defeated the best light heavies and many of the heavies. He had achieved a reputation as a mystic through an Australian aborigine diet that allowed him to fight one night weighing more than 200 pounds and only a few months later at the light-heavyweight limit of 175. He was the wily and respected elder statesman of the squared circle. He was The MongOOSE.

Moore looked less mystic than bored as he labored through the ropes into the Richmond ring. He wore a richly brocaded robe that, nonetheless, seemed faded. When he removed it, his belly was revealed, fairly spilling over the waistband of trunks that were so long they looked like Bermuda shorts. He weighed nearly 25 pounds more than he had for the Marciano fight and he carried this excess poorly. He was hardly a figure to inspire awe, a fat, graying, middle-aged man of either 43 or 40, depending on whether one accepted the birth date he faithfully recited or the earlier one his mother inadvertently disclosed during an interview. Only the long, thick boxer's arms were impressive.

Bean, Moore's opponent, was more athletic looking. He was tall and flat-bellied, with wide shoulders and a thick neck. The muscles on his back rippled as he danced, face lowered, in his corner. But when he turned to confront the portly old party opposite him, it was apparent he was scared stiff. He had never before fought anyone as formidable as Moore. He was a tune-up, and he knew it. He was al-

continued

ready perspiring heavily. He was finished before he started.

He was, in fact, finished not long after he started. Moore cuffed him at will in the first two rounds, puffing from the exertion. The Mongoose was annoyed that his prey would not come to him, that he was obliged to plop after the frightened wretch. Bean scarcely threw a punch. His eyes were wide with apprehension.

In the fifth round Moore reached him with a combination of ponderous blows. Bean folded up along the ropes above me, not so much injured as relieved, even grateful, to have the ordeal come to a close. Moore consented to have his arm raised, then he hurried from the ring, the great tummy bouncing beneath the robe.

We writers also rushed to the dressing room, although I was detained by officious functionaries demanding to see my press pass. Did I look so callow they could not recognize me as a certified fight writer?

By the time I reached Moore's dressing room the other reporters were leaving it. Apparently Moore had not had much to say about the lackluster confrontation. I plunged into the room and found myself alone with the great man, save for a trainer off in one corner stirring his elixirs.

Moore was supine on the rubbing table, absolutely motionless. His eyes were closed. A Johnny Hodges solo on, as I recall, *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good* reached us from a record player near Moore's place of rest. I started to say something like "Hi, Archie," but before I could utter a syllable, he raised a hand to silence me. The alto sax had more to say to him at that moment.

I was then—and am, regrettably, now—uncomfortable in the presence of athletes in a locker room. It is their place of business, and though it is obviously also mine, I cannot help but feel like an interloper. Perhaps I was too long a fan before I troubled to talk to famous athletes. Although in some company I am considered glib—even, at certain hours of the evening, garrulous—around athletes I am without conversational resources. I am often resentful of my tongue-tied inability to say anything remotely intelligent to even the most unlettered lout of a game player. It is, I suppose, a hang-up.

So, on this night, I sat in a chair as Moore lay there like a corpse. The two of us listened wordlessly as the fine old Ellington record spun to a conclusion. Moore may well have been sound asleep when I padded embarrassedly out of the room, although I could have sworn I saw the trainer wink at him as I gently closed the door.

The next day I wrote that Moore, the caggy old Mongoose, had dispatched poor Bean with such consummate ease there was little he could say about the experience afterward. That was pretty much what the other writers wrote.

It was a different tour than it is today," said Arnold Palmer. "More camaraderie. The game was faster. There was a different breed of golfer. You knew everybody on the tour. It was not as large in numbers, but the quality of the golfers was just as good. Now, of course, there are a lot more good golfers, but the guys I was playing with were damn good. There's no question about that."

Nineteen sixty-seven was not a good year for Ken Venturi. His hands had gone numb because of some strange circulatory ailment, his marriage to a beautiful and charming woman was beginning to come apart, and his younger son had been seriously injured in an auto accident. But he had won the 1964 U.S. Open and he still had money, fast cars and a big house with a swimming pool in the same town, Hillsborough, Calif., that Bing Crosby lived in. He had always been a complex man, part small boy with an easily bruised ego and a sense that the world orbited around him, part old man with a wistful feel for the past, a nagging sense of loss and a carefully structured notion of how things ought to be.

Golf is not a game I care about, but Venturi in his prime was such a craftsman it was impossible not to admire him. His swing, they say, was among the best ever. He was not particularly large or strong, but he had an athlete's grace, a way of moving that the rest of us can only envy.

I had known him casually for a number of years, mostly during a time when no one outside the San Francisco Bay Area had ever heard of him. "Ken Venturi is going to be the greatest golfer in history," a friend of his told me one night when both of us were still undergraduates. "People won't even mention Hogan's name in the same breath."

That prophecy was nearly realized. Venturi was a child prodigy, an amateur who almost won the Masters, and he had risen to glory in concert with an even more famous golfer, Arnold Palmer. His rapid descent was, in hyperbolic sports vernacular, tragic.

I saw Venturi only a month or so ago at a football game. He seemed happy, adjusted, O.K. He lives in Palm Springs now. He has a new wife, a new life and he is the friend of Frank Sinatra. The boyish charm is intact. In his 40s, Venturi still speaks in the 1950s' college idiom: people are "out to lunch" or "way out in left field."

But on a night some seven years ago, when a friend and I had dinner at his house, he was burdened by an inner torment. The life he had carefully built for himself, the happy-go-lucky professional golfer's life, was disintegrating and he had no alternative plan. We had several martinis. We recalled old friends and we spoke positively of his future. His wife Connie busied herself with hors d'oeuvres and drink-mixing. Venturi likes bluff male companionship.

He brought a large manila folder into the room. "Look at these," he said, spreading some letters on the coffee table. "Here's one from Charley Johnson, the Cardinals' quarterback. A smart guy, Ph.D., the works. He says I'm an inspiration to him. Me, an inspiration? How 'bout that?"

Venturi was like most of us who were reared in the '30s. Life remains a movie, a series of clearly defined defeats and triumphs, comebacks and upsets. It has beginnings and endings. The middles are what life is really about, but we see them only as fallow transitions to the time when we get the girl, out-duel Basil Rathbone or gallop, lonely and romantic, off into the sunset.

Venturi was then entering what he hoped would be the comeback phase of his life. He had created a character for himself—the good man you can't keep down—and he was living the part. "I can grip the club now," he said. "It won't be long."

continued

"Skibobbing the Trockener Steg is really exciting. In fact, it lifted Sandy right out of her seat!"



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
BRYAN WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WILKESVILLE CANADA

"Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. But it's nothing compared with what could happen as you Skibob down a Swiss Alp at 30 miles an hour. You can break records on the roughest trails. Or your neck.



"Where did that boulder come from? I'd just managed to catch up with Sandy... spotted the rock and swerved. But my warning came almost too late. Sandy missed it... but had a great fall. Luckily, the only thing bruised was her ego."

"Later, we toasted our adventure with **Canadian Club**. At the Gornergrat-Kulm Hotel atop Mt. Gornergrat." Wherever you go, people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 116 years, it's been in a class by itself. "The Best In The House"™ in 87 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.



Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



©1974 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



Bought a pack of orange flavored cigarettes—because were was out of his favorite brand, Chocolate Fudge.

2. He's Sy Cole Delic. Wears outfit so wild, he gets fan mail from neon signs. Gimmick: Plays along with band. He does to music what termites do to an old barn.

Local Rock Concert is about to begin... and almost everyone has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Phil O. Dendron. Gimmick: Talks with plants. Plant he's holding just told him it's poison ivy.

3. Nope. She's Bertha D. Bizer, Groupie. Gimmick: Records everything. Has 12 cassettes of chickens tap dancing. Once lit a charcoal-filtered cigarette...and it made four carbons of her lips.

4. Wrong. She's Rhoda Dendron (no relation to #1 above).

5. Right! He's there for the show, not to show off. Waxes his cigarette honest and natural, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor.

6. & 7. They're two guys trying to see better—or an unfinished totem pole.

8. The Invisible Man, sneaking.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74

We, his guests, believed him. What was more gratifying than a comeback? Life at its best was a comeback. Destry rides again.

"You remember that cover of me on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*?" he said. "C'mon, I want to show you something."

Venturi led us into a room just off the living room. It was dark. We could see nothing. Then he flipped the light switch and one wall was brilliantly illuminated. On it was the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover blown up to life-size. There was Venturi in his ultimate moment, an exhausted, exultant figure raising a white cap victoriously. We could almost share that feeling, looking at the gunt reproduction. The white cap? It was like the fourth feather "Leftenant" Faversham returned to his fiancée in a movie that had shaped all of our lives—the triumphant underdog, the coward proved brave.

I do not know how long we stood there before that bright image. I could not see the expression on the real Venturi's face. I felt confused, as if there was something I should say, but I could think of nothing.

"Let's go get something to eat," he said, flipping the light switch, shutting off the glory.

Baseball was the first sport to be televised, an otherwise unimportant game between Columbia and Princeton being telecast over W2XBS, New York, as early as May 17, 1939. And in the postwar years the World Series was TV's prestige sports attraction. Yet baseball, of all games, cannot be adequately portrayed on the small screen. The action is too diffuse, the players too departmentalized to be captured in a single picture. Professional football, an incipient rival in the early '50s, would reap the media harvest instead. The National Football League championship game of 1958 between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants would assure that sport electronic preeminence, presumably forever. In the next decade, pro football's popularity would approach mania.

Of all the bartenders in San Francisco in the decade of the '60s, and their number was legion, James S. Todt did the best. Bogart. His impersonation was uncannily close to the real article, and he might go an entire shift without slipping out of character. If someone in Todt's presence would advance toward the jukebox, he might grumble moodily, "You played it for her, you can play it for me." Or he might startle a woman customer by gazing disconsolately into her glass before protesting, "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine." Questioned on a matter of principle, Todt invariably rejoined, "Fred C. Dobbs don't say nothin' he don't mean."

But even this superb entertainer was not immune from ordinary human failings. In the opinion of Todt watchers he had one stupendous imperfection—his fanatical devotion to San Francisco 49er Quarterback John Brodie, whose career in the '60s was a masterwork of inconsistency. All starting 49er quarterbacks were mercilessly booed and their replacements extravagantly praised in those years, but none endured the abuse Brodie shouldered, for none played so long. Eventually, a fence had to be erected above the play-

ers' tunnel at Kezar Stadium to shield Brodie from those who would skull him with beer cans.

Todt's fidelity to his persecuted idol was unshakable. He had followed Brodie since the quarterback's sophomore year at Stanford, and when Brodie joined the 49ers in 1957 Todt founded the John Brodie Fan Club of Northern California, an organization he prophesied would soon surpass in both numbers and fanaticism societies formed on behalf of Elvis Presley and the late James Dean. Ten years later the JBFNC was still in business, and Todt was able to report in his annual message to his constituents, "We have doubled our membership to five."

After several years of hearing the various Todt bon mots, of auditioning his Bogey and his Benny—"Now cut that out!"—I found it hard to believe that an intelligent man in his 40s could possibly be that serious about Brodie. True, I had received messages from him on JBFNC stationery, but that seemed simply part of the running gag.

Then one day I was invited to the Todt home to watch a 49er out-of-town game on television. Todt himself answered the door. He was wearing a 49er helmet and a red No. 12 jersey, Brodie's number. The costume was only peripherally intended to amuse. It helped Todt get in a proper frame of mind—insane—for the game. Lord, how that man suffered as his hero would first engineer a masterful drive into enemy territory, then toss the interception that terminated it. "John, John, John . . ." Todt moaned at the television screen. He nearly wept when the game ended unfavorably for the home team—if memory serves, on a Brodie interception. There was no more questioning his devotion. I felt like someone who had debunked Bernadette.

Somewhat later, I attended a game at Kezar Stadium with Todt, his wife Judy and some of their friends. The day began, as every 49er game began for them, in a neighborhood bar, where Todt exchanged japes and wagers with other regulars. The entire party was eventually loaded—and that is the word—aboard a rented bus for the trip to Golden Gate Park and the dilapidated stadium.

Most of the fans in the Todts' section had been season ticket-holders for many years. They had come to know each other well. Still, the Todts were celebrities. "Here comes big No. 12," someone shouted as Todt, mounting the steps, smiled and raised a hand in a V signal. The bench seats in old Kezar were built for a slenderer generation of football watchers so that when the crowd exceeded 50,000 the fans were closely packed. Contiguity can breed contempt, and Todt and his seatmates were soon involved in a surprisingly hostile debate on the relative merits of Brodie and his rookie heir apparent, Steve Spurrier.

Todt nevertheless maintained his composure under fire. Mrs. Todt was experiencing a somewhat stiffer struggle with her own self-restraint. Finally, when the gentleman seated in front of Todt taunted him, in terms Mrs. Todt regarded as unconscionably personal, on a misfired Brodie pass, she shook the bottle of champagne she had been enjoying and directed the contents at the face of her husband's tormentor. The ensuing melee was typical of a Sunday afternoon in Kezar in those years of high passion. There were no arrests and only a few minor injuries.

One question remained: Had Todt ever met his idol, his

continued

John, face-to-face? I approached him on this matter one evening at a bar where he was then employed. Todt had just finished informing an astonished woman sitting next to me that "Yes, Angel, I'm gonna send you over," but he answered me in the unfamiliar voice of James S. Todt.

"Yes, I did meet John not long ago. It was in the steam room of the Ambassador Health Club. We were both naked as jaybirds, mind you. A mutual friend told John, 'Now here's a guy you just gotta meet.' John knew all about the fan club and about the trouble I usually get into because of it so he didn't say anything at first. He just looked me up and down. Then he said, 'Jim, I thought you'd look much different.' Different? I was afraid I was gonna say something like, 'I thought you'd be a much younger, thinner, better-looking guy.' Different in what way?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I thought you'd have bruises all over your body."

It was a start, as Rick advised Louis that eventful night at the Casablanca airport, "of a beautiful friendship."

In the 1954-55 season there were eight blacks in the entire National Basketball Association. The league is now more than 60% black and five of the 18 head coaches are black. The average annual salary in the NBA is \$90,000 and 25% of the players make more than \$100,000.

Very few professional athletes become part of the community where they play. Nate Thurmond, when he was the center for the Warriors, did become part of San Francisco. He was seen everywhere—in the bars and restaurants, at banquets and parties, at baseball and football games. Almost no one saw Willie Mays in public, but Thurmond got around. He was single, and he lived in the city, not in some remote, self-contained suburb. He owned a restaurant in town and he was a fixture there. One day a spurned girlfriend of his deliberately crashed one of his two expensive automobiles directly into the other while it was parked in front of the restaurant. Thurmond watched the disaster from the doorway.

On another occasion he asked a sportswriter friend if he could get into a banquet. "Sure," the friend told Thurmond, who was nearly seven feet tall, black and practically bald. "Wear a red carnation so they'll be able to identify you at the door."

He lived high as the highest-paid player on the team. His apartment was supposed to be a showplace. He had girls by the score. He dressed not so much as a modern athlete—gaudy jump suits and such—but as a striped-suited international banker.

One night a few years ago, while we were all whooping it up at Perry's Bar on Union Street, Thurmond invited some of us over for a nightcap at his lush Russian Hill apartment. I had never been there and was anxious to go. I wanted to see how this giant pooh-bah lived. I liked his style.

With directions scratched on a cocktail napkin, I drove off with a friend for the nightcap. We had some trouble parking the car—almost as much as we had driving in—but we finally did locate ourselves near the building. "Nate is

supposed to live on the 12th floor," I remarked to my friend in the lobby, "but this elevator only goes to the 11th."

"He lives on the roof," said my friend, attempting to sound knowledgeable through the blur of his dictation. "In a penthouse."

We got out on the 11th floor and ascended a flight of stairs to the roof. It was a spectacularly clear, moonlit night. We could see the bay shimmering beneath us. What we could not see was anything resembling an apartment.

In the adjoining building, however, a party was going on in a magnificently appointed apartment. We could see through the open windows scores of pretty women, well-dressed men and all manner of food and drink. The laughter penetrated the cool, crisp night air. We watched, like two waifs pressing faces against a candy-store window. Swaying there on the roof, we were captivated by the opulence and gaiety. It was the sort of party we had always wanted to be invited to.

Then, suddenly, our view was gone, obliterated by a giant figure in front of the window. We Peeping Toms cursed his rudeness. When he finally moved away, we could see he was nearly seven feet tall, black and practically bald. He was wearing a striped suit.

"Wrong building," said my friend.

"Oh, what the hell," I said.

We watched only a few minutes more, then I drove him to his apartment and returned home to my wakening wife. "Where have you been all this time?" she asked. "Nowhere," I said.

During the past 20 years Americans have steadily become a nation of participants. Inspired, perhaps, by President Kennedy's plea for physical fitness, Americans have been jogging, hiking, bicycling, skiing and playing tennis and golf. The Kennedys set an example with their family touch-football games. Sales of sports equipment, according to a National Sporting Goods Association survey, are up more than 600% since 1955. More than 100 million Americans now swim regularly, the same number ride bicycles and 20 million play tennis. The emphasis has been on participation for its own sake as opposed to the win philosophy long espoused by the powers in big-time college and professional sport.

A newspaper columnist I know wrote not long ago about how mature he had become in his approach to competitive athletics. He told how he had been such a bad loser for so many years and how, now that he was nearing 40, he had seen the light. His wife and he can play as tennis doubles partners these days without a single slurring remark about backhands or double faults. They can play, he insisted, without even caring whether they win or lose. He can leave the court, he wrote, feeling comfortable in the knowledge that he had done his best and if that had not been good enough, well then, *c'est la vie*.

Bully, I say, for him. It is just that I have not run across many people who can put this philosophy into practice, including me. What happens in real life is that when most

of us turn to playing children's games—and what game is not a children's game?—we tend to behave like children. I envy my columnist friend his newfound maturity. At the same time I mourn the blandness that seems to have crept into his sporting life, such as it is. Take the infantile out of sport and you have taken the joy out of it. The playing field is an unlikely place to discover maturity. And exercising for exercising's sake is an exercise in boredom. What, after all, is so keen about being grown up? People who fall in love are not grown-up.

When I was a boy, I read somewhere that Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch learned to be such a neat broken-field runner by dodging weeds and shrubbery in vacant lots. From then on, I could not pass a vacant lot without dodging through its flora crazy-leggedly. The temptation, alas, is still there, although now I content myself with walking briskly down crowded metropolitan streets, head-faking a lady shopper here, giving the hip to a messenger boy there, utilizing my "quick feet" to elude a street vendor over there, all the while giving free reign to a fevered imagination. "Fimrite has the ball on the 10, he's up to the 20, the 30. He makes a great move . . . There's only one man who can stop him now and that's the great Glenn Davis . . . He is outrunning Davis . . . He scores for California!"

I was pleased, incidentally, to learn some time ago from a onetime great broken-field runner, Hugh McElhenney, that the process can be reversed. McElhenney told me that when he was dodging tacklers on NFL gridsiron he imagined himself a little kid hurrying home from a scary movie. He knew there were monsters in every doorway ready to leap out at him, and though he could not see them, he would anticipate their moves and elude them instinctively.

When President Kennedy advised us all to get off our duffs and start working out, I, as a loyal Kennedy man, dutifully obliged. Jogging was both boring and painful, and I had long since abandoned golf and tennis as too hard on the nervous system, so I took up what was then known as paddleball and is now called racquetball. My physical condition has not improved much, but I have at least reached a détente with my bad habits.

I will also play a little softball from time to time, reciting, predictably, a familiar litany: "It's a fast ball high and inside. Fimrite swings and there's a long, high fly ball to deep center field. Mays goes back, but that ball is going, going, gone"—all that before popping up to second base.

Touch football is something else. This is a game I should definitely give up, as any number of pulled muscles and deep bruises will attest. I will not give it up, of course, simply because it affords an opportunity to indulge those childish fantasies. "The hand off is to Fimrite . . . He's swinging wide around left end . . ." There yet remains the chance that I will cut back against the grain of taggers, pick up some blocking and "break one."

Several weeks ago I was asked to play in a game of touch with a number of men, most of whom were only slightly younger than I. Naturally, I accepted, flattered that they should think the old boy still had something left. I had a pretty good day out there, hitting on three of the four passes they allowed me to throw and intercepting another. I must confess, though, that late in the game I was over-

taken by a certain inexplicable fatigue. Dead game to the last, I refused to be taken out.

About this time the other team had the ball deep in our territory and, though we were comfortably ahead, I was alert for a possible second interception. Their quarterback dropped back to pass on first down, and I could see a receiver—a sturdily built youngster still in his 20s—speeding into my zone, searching, undoubtedly, for the crease. As a crafty veteran, I calculated that this late in the game they might foolishly be planning to "pick on me."

Sure enough, the quarterback spotted my man and released the ball just as I moved in for the interception. Ball, receiver and aging defender arrived simultaneously. The ball and receiver advanced a few more yards after the collision before he was necktie-tagged by another defender. I remained behind, clutching my injured head like some latter-day Y. A. Tittle, blood seeping through my fingers.

I was carted off to a hospital, where a deep eye cut was stitched. The eye itself soon closed under a mass of discolored flesh. Ali did not do as much damage to Foreman.

There were guests in my house when I returned. I instantly became a figure of ridicule and misplaced pity. "What did you say at the hospital when you gave your age and then told them how you got hurt?" one friend inquired. And was that a "No fool like an old fool" I heard in the back of the room?

"Now, just wait a moment," I said, fixing the assemblage with an icy, Cyclopean glare. "You are forgetting the most important thing, the only thing."

There was a momentary silence, as if there might be some interest in what I might say next.

"You forget," I continued, allowing a suggestion of pride to color my tone of voice, "you forget that whatever night have happened to me, whatever pain I might have endured—and you must learn to play with pain—and whatever permanent injury I may have suffered . . . we still won the game."

So 20 years have passed. There have been changes, I suppose. There are major league teams everywhere now, and most of them play not on the fields of friendly strife but on ersatz grass. But how many changes have there really been? George Blanda says that in his 26 years as a professional, football has changed hardly at all, except that the players are bigger, faster, smarter and more disloyal to their employers. He also says that the new breed of pro, the rookies fresh from college, are "more like us old guys."

Change is never apparent until a new change occurs. Anyway, change is not so much what you remember over the years. What you recall are isolated incidents, apparently meaningless events or people you cannot get out of your mind. Think of them and you pause in the mad dash into the future, pause long enough to gauge the distance you have come.

How many thousands of sports events have I seen on television since the opening game of the 1954 World Series? And yet there will always be that unforgettable catch, Mays running, running . . . running off into memory.

And when was the last time I said, "Way to go?" Why just now.

END

YOU MUST REMEMBER THESE

They were moments of triumph and despair, deeds that wrenched tradition, achievements that set standards for a whole generation of striving. Out of these 20 years, there emerge a few prime movers, a few seminal events

that continue to kick up bursts of dust, spray, faith, anguish and jubilation in the memories of fans who cheered and moaned. The photographs on this and the next 27 pages celebrate the athletes, the moments, the turning points.



Pro football went big-time on Dec. 28, 1958, as the Colts' Alto Amos beat the Giants in sudden death.



Babe Ruth King proved a good woman could bear Bobby King



Palmer stalked remnants of the Munich Olympics



Ron Fossitt rode Secretariat in the chestnut 1973 Belmont and the first Triple Crown in 25 years

THE FORCE AND THE OBJECT

Unimaginable in growth, pervasive in its influence, pro football has added a new all-out, high-pressure oomph to sport, and the pounding heart of the game is hitting. Dick Butkus, the middle linebacker, would hit you and keep on hitting you all over until someone stopped him, even biting your ear if he could. Jim Brown, the fullback, would hit you once, if you got in his way, and then hit somebody else 10 yards downfield one second later. Adding strategic, long-distance and spiritual elements to this countervailing crunching have been some wizard quarterbacks—John Unitas, Bart Starr, Joe Namath—a long blurred line of supersonic pass catchers and, in Vince Lombardi, that rarity in recent public life, an authority figure who held up,



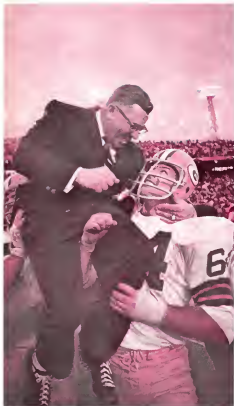
Brown fits a hole that will stop him



Bullock, eyed from a respectful distance by an official, closes a hole that will stay closed



Harvard Raymond Berry set pass catching records



Jerry Kramer reverently lifted Vince Lombardi



Gara Yegorovian « records Super Bowl catch pass

O J breaks Jim Brown's single season rush mark





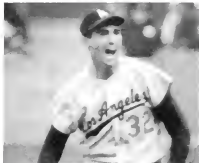
These shoes weren't made for running, because the knees above them were so bad. But the arm, savvy, release and life-style made Joe

Plymouth's trademark footballer: unkillable by anyone else. In the '69 Super Bowl he collected his shot, and made the AFL a must-see league.



A TIMELESS PASTIME

A few years back, baseball suffered a case of depression. It was called dated, too leisurely to interest modern America's leisure-time urges. But the old ball game kept giving rise to new phenomena like the Mets and the A's, exposing new facets of such beloved classics as Mays, Musal and Stengel, and inspiring notable books by writers ranging from Jim Bouton to Philip Roth. Perhaps because of its measured pace baseball produces more nostalgia material—moments to mull and argue over at length—than other sports. And its heroes retain a distinctive savor. How would you like a bubble-gum card of everyone in flannels shown here?



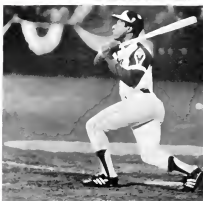
Sandy Kousser, swinging to win, against the Pirates.



Tom Wills, batting for the Sox.



Stan Musial probably could have hit in this position.



Henry Aaron, swinging for the Braves.



Mickey Mantle, New York Yankees, running on the field in a game against the Boston Red Sox, 1954.

Wally May (center) jumps for the catch
 during the World Series game between the



The [unclear] [unclear] to [unclear] [unclear]
 for the [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] win

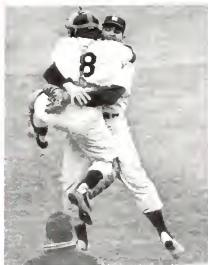


The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
 [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]





*Yan Marshal goes after John Roseboro
in a nasty baseball fight with blood*



*Yogi Berra who caught it, and Don Larsen
who threw it a perfect World Series game*

A STENGELESE SAMPLER

Edward G. Robinson, long-time actor, died Jan. 26, 1986, in Los Angeles, Calif., at age 87. He was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and was the first actor to be named "The King of the Screen."



The actor, who was born in 1908, died of a heart attack. He was the first actor to be named "The King of the Screen."

He spent the last 10 years of his life in a nursing home, and died at age 87. He was the first actor to be named "The King of the Screen."





THE NEW YORK
YANKEES
WILL BE
PLAYING
TODAY
AT
P. 10.00
P. M.



THE NEW YORK
YANKEES
WILL BE
PLAYING
TODAY
AT
P. 10.00
P. M.

THE NEW YORK
YANKEES
WILL BE
PLAYING
TODAY
AT
P. 10.00
P. M.



WHEN VROOM GOES BOOM!



The point of auto racing is sustained high speed, but the scenes that stick in the memory are of abrupt, rending arrest. During the first

lap of the 1966 Indy 500, 11 cars crashed and 14 spectators were hit by flying debris. Graham Hill (far left) escaped unscathed and won



CENTERS OF ATTENTION

No sports figures have been more pivotal than basketball's mobile big men. Like fiberglass in pole-vaulting, they raised their game's limits, made it whippier and more spectacular and altered the style of all its participants. The biggest three were Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell, player and coach







DANCING ON AIR



Not only sports you watch but sports you do grew by leaps and bounds. Often what was in the ascendancy was a form of descent, such as

skydiving—here the West German “Boogey Woogey” team plummets on Pretoria, South Africa—skiing, skin diving and hang gliding.

THE BIGGER THEY WERE

...the giddier they rose and fell. Sonny Liston and George Foreman were called indestructible. They said that Floyd Patterson and Muhammad Ali couldn't come back. You never could tell. The heavyweights produced the super-punch fans demanded, and a stunning unpredictability as well. A good thing, or, despite theater TV, boxing might have died



Young Cassius Clay, just 19 in '61, made his mark on Alex Mich



Floyd Patterson floored Ingemar Johansson in their rubber match



Joe Frazier knocked Ali down and won the Fight of the Century



All wound up. Ali wore out Liston to wind up as champ.



George Foreman outboxed Joe in Jamaica, took his crown.



A punch Stevie Fitch taught Ali dispatched Liston in Lewiston.



A WISH AND A FALLEN STAR



Jim Ryun's 3:51.1 is still the fastest mile ever run, but the object of his fondest hope, the 1,500-meter Olympic gold medal, eluded

him twice. In '68 Kip Keino and the altitude beat him. Here, in '72, a collision with Billy Fordjour of Ghana eliminated him in a heat.



A BAD FLOP AND A LONG RUN

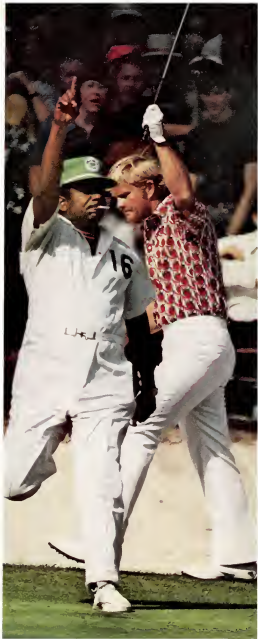


In the '59 Belmont Eddie Arcaro avoided serious injury when Black Hills threw him into the slop. In '66 Johnny Longden, 59, had his 6,032nd win on George Royal.

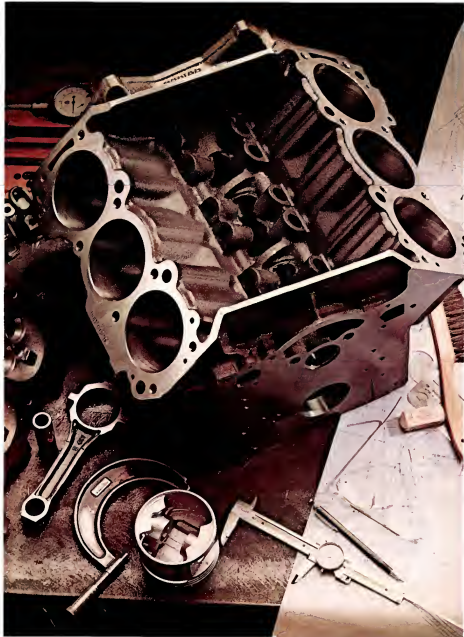


STRONG MEN IN THE CLUTCH

Whether chasing each other around the course or whatever they were doing, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus were the top dogs of golf. Palmer, who often looks like he just jumped down off the back of a truck, was the first to win a million; Nicklaus, truly a golden bear, the first to win two million. When they dance with is their own business.









Introducing a six-cylinder engine with...well, guts.

Everybody has a pretty stock idea of the American six-cylinder engine. Economical. Tough as an anvil. And practical to a fault. Something Aunt Harriet could feel right at home with.

Our new six is different. It's a vee-six. Something quite different from an L-head, or in-line, or "straight" six.

As you volumetric efficiency fans know, placing the cylinders in a vee produces a shorter, more compact arrangement. Design-wise, it's sort of like the difference between an open hand and a clenched fist. It means the V-6 crankshaft can be nice and short. And that the V-6 block can be compact and lightweight.

The end result is a 2-barrel, 3.8 liter six with very respectable horsepower-per-cubic-inch figures. And a torque curve that comes on at relatively low engine speed.

Ah, but we've lapsed into design esoterica. Actually there are a lot of very real, untheoretical facts about our V-6 that we think you'll like.

The first is that this is a bonafide Buick engine. As such, it shares a great many components with Buick V-8s.

As a matter of fact, the pistons, rings, wrist pins, rod bearings, timing gear and so forth, are identical to those used on our hefty 5.7 liter V-8. Heck, even the valves are nickel-plated, per all Buick V-8s.

Yet, because there are 25 percent fewer pistons and fewer moving parts in total, the V-6 weighs a full 170 pounds less than its V-8 brother.

It's a remarkably free-spirited little engine, this Buick V-6.

And it's standard in Buick Skyhawk, Skylark and Century.



BUICK

Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.



FROM HERE TO 2000

by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON

Umpires may be replaced by sensors, football scored like figure skating, tennis played in the nude and butterflies used as game balls

Charles G. Finley is rarely, if ever, at a loss for words, but when asked what he thought American sport would be like in the year 2000, he was nearly dumbstruck. "All I know," he said, "is that the baseball will be bright orange by 1998." Others are less in awe of the great unknown. Lynn Stone, president of Churchill Downs and Hialeah Park, flatly declares that the \$2 bet, for years the basic wager at U.S. tracks, will be replaced by a \$3 or a \$5 minimum. Bill Veck predicts women will be playing on major league baseball teams and John Schapiro, president of Laurel Race Course, ventures that a majority of jockeys may be women.

Other experts hold that drugs will be sold openly at sporting-event concessions and that the hot dog of tomorrow will rock the same kick as the marijuana brownie of today, that there will be only one division in boxing, the heavyweight, all other classes having vanished because of boredom or bankruptcy; and that ski boots will have sensors that release the binding if the stress on a leg bone approaches the breaking point. Still other prophets foresee that non-contact sports will be played in the nude, that a round of golf will be played in one spot, by means of a computer and TV screen, and that ice hockey will be played on Teflon.

Mike Palmer of the Institute for the Future in Menlo Park, Calif., contends that "it is irrational to attach pro teams to cities: no one has loyalty to a city in these days of suburbs and transiency. I wouldn't be surprised if owners began to organize teams based on ethnic or ideological loyalties to regenerate enthusiasm—games featuring the Steelworkers vs. the Executives, the Hippies vs. the Straights, Hunters vs. Animal Lovers."

Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Los Angeles orthopedic surgeon who is team doctor for the Lakers, the Kings and the Rams, says, "By the year 2000, athletes will compete much longer—for 25 years or more. We will probably live to be 150 or 200 and an athlete's career will be just like a businessman's."

Joe Delouise, a Chicago psychic, foretells, "I see skydiving increasing in popularity, with many housewives participating." Because of domed roofs and artificial surfaces, the vagaries of weather will be a thing of the past for almost all sports participants (possibly including racehorses and skiers, but probably not skydiving housewives). Subjective decisions will also be obsolete, sensors having been installed in sidelines, baselines, home-plate zones, etc. Even the scoring of a boxing match will be electronic, with sensors in the gloves and a sensitized powder on the fighters' bodies so that telling blows can be registered on a scoreboard. Some people even predict that Taiwan will be readmitted to the Little League World Series, since in 15 years the major leagues will be international, having expanded to include teams from Japan, Venezuela, Mexico and Cuba.

And so it goes, as one chronicler of the future puts it.

In discussing the specific future of sport, one must assume that there *will* be a future and that it will not be all that bad. For the purposes of this article ignore the threats of nuclear lunacy, global famine, worldwide economic depression and poisoned skies. In searching out the future of sport, one has to guess the unguessable. Indeed, there is really only one point of certitude. As it always has, sport will continue to reflect the society in which it occurs.

During American colonial days 95 of every 100 people were involved in farming. Sport was rustic, family-oriented. In colonial America, as in medieval Europe, spectatorship was reserved for church and hangings. Then came the Industrial Revolution, and in the mid-19th century Americans began to leave the fields for the factories, exchanging farms for slums. Enormous crowds were crammed together; massive pools of athletic talent were suddenly gathered in one place. At the same time, family allegiances were being replaced by neighborhood loyalties or factory friendships and it was natural to hold athletic contests among these groups. Soon it became important that one group of

factory workers prove it was better than another on the athletic field, so only the best players were used. The other workers retired to the sidelines to cheer and, later, to celebrate victories that demonstrated their team, factory, neighborhood or fraternal lodge was better. Thus, in a short period of social upheaval two phenomena were created—mass spectatorship and the win syndrome.

As C. P. Snow said, "Until this century social change was so slow that it would pass unnoticed in one person's lifetime. That is no longer so. The rate of change has increased so much that our imagination can't keep up." No one but a madman could have foreseen the technological, social, moral and economic revolutions of the American 20th century. As puritanism moved offstage, sport responded with Sunday games, beer sold openly at public stadiums and winning-justifies-the-means philosophies. As education became widespread, a superficially simple game like baseball was replaced in popularity by the apparently more complex strategies of football. As the American consumer society expanded—indeed, fairly exploded—and as the profit motive became more and more the national rationale, sport followed by becoming a hard-sell consumer business, too. It expanded enormously, until, as Joel Spring, professor of education at Cleveland's Case Western Reserve University, puts it: "Athletics have become big business, a business dependent on a large body of consumers or spectators. It operates on the profit motive, and that means it has to have lots more people in the stands than there are on the field. Games have come to be played under scientific management with factorylike specialization and expertise. The resulting trends could be continual changes in rules and forms of major sports to make them more consumer-oriented."

Thus far, 75 years into the 20th century, the mirror of American sport reflects a society of hard sell and high production, of enormous growth and rocketing optimism. But times are changing. The signs of a cooling off have long been at hand. Gregory Schmid, an economist at the Institute for the Future, says, "I don't think we will take for granted the consistent optimism of the past. There is suddenly more uncertainty in our lives. Inflation is up and growth is down. We are coming into a period of moderation."

When futurists write of tomorrow, they speak in terms of "scenarios," meaning contrived situations and conditions extrapolated from known facts and trends of the past. This is complex stuff and the point of it all is to raise guesswork to the level of a science. A number of intelligent people are trying to see what is ahead so we can prepare for it, and we should be grateful for their efforts—right or wrong.

Futurists speak frequently of the "post-industrial society," an era which is probably already upon us and will likely continue through the year 2000. In short, this refers to a time (or scenario) when the American Way of Life will not be so intensely focused on the efficient production of goods and the mindless consumption of same. Harvard Sociologist Daniel Bell, in his book *The Coming of Post-*

Industrial Society, explained it this way: "The first and simplest characteristic . . . is that the majority of the labor force is no longer engaged in agriculture or manufacturing but in services which are defined, residually, as trade, finance, transport, health, recreation, research, education, and government."

This means, wrote Bell, that the dominant worker in the U.S. labor force will be the "brain worker." This trend has been clear for many years: jobs that require some college education have been increasing at a rate double that of those filled by the rest of the U.S. work force, and the number of scientists and engineers, a group Bell calls "the key group in the post-industrial society," has been growing at a rate triple that of the rest of the work force.

Thus the U.S. is rapidly shifting toward a society which will be far more cerebral. And, obviously, the braininess of the nation will have a profound effect on sport. Brian Sutton-Smith, professor of psychology at Columbia's Teachers College, says, "As we become more cerebral, sport has to become better and better. The spectator becomes more and more critical. We are coming the other way around from the automated man. There are riots at soccer matches because people are not willing to sit and watch dull, routine matches. Spectators rebel and cause their own happening at a dull match. In a more cerebral future there will probably be a tendency away from massive followings of the monolithic spectator sports and toward more diversity. The popularity of football, basketball and baseball will become commensurate with things like orienteering, volleyball, bicycling. And the large sports of today will possibly become more like art, with a skilled critic commenting on slow-motion TV replays—someone like Howard Cosell to analyze and interpret the play."

If one projects this cerebralness to a logical end, a football game of the future may consist of no more than four plays, each replayed over and over, dissected, analyzed and criticized from a dozen angles of slow-motion replays, with each player's performance judged and scored for its nearness to perfection (like figure skating). The winner of the game will not be the team that scores the most touchdowns, but the team that executes its four plays perfectly. Such might be the content of Monday Night Football for a nation of intellectuals in the year 2000 (although when The Old Intellectual himself was asked his opinion of such a prospect, Cosell rasped, "That's an absurd extreme").

If the general intelligence of the population improves, the appeal of violence in sport might be reduced. John W. Loy, a sociologist at the University of Massachusetts, says, "I don't see any great demand for blood sport in the future. The growth of sport in the U.S. actually parallels increasing controls over violence. There are more rules than ever protecting players from injury, and better equipment—face masks in hockey, batting helmets in baseball." A colleague adds, "If there is a split in society in the future—a wealthy middle class and a poor lower class—then there is a possibility of split sport forms, with the cerebral and gentler games for the upper class, the brutality for the proles." Sociologist Fred R. Crawford of Atlanta's Emory University also sees little chance for more violent games: "We don't even support the death penalty for criminals. Our

revisited

*One nibble
is never enough.*



Smokehouse® Almonds... one of five tantalizing flavors from Blue Diamond, The Almond People. If you can't find these almonds in your area, please write: California Almond Growers Exchange, P. O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.



New
Crush-Proof
BOX

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

© 1974 Lorillard

value system is actually moving in the opposite direction and in the future I think an Evel Knievel would have to prove that he is *not* going to be killed before they allow him to do it."

Possibly. Yet perhaps the future was already with us last month when President Ford appeared at a U.S. Army camp in Korea and was "entertained" by the game of "combat football"—an invention in which there are 42 men on each side, two balls in play at once and no limitation on blocking, tackling, kicking or piling-on. One fellow who thinks such brutality may even be desirable is Lee Walburn, an outspoken executive with Atlanta's Omni group, which owns the NHL Flames and the NBA Hawks. Walburn says, "I think the sports that will claim the big on-site crowds are the violent sports, where there is the chance of injury. People who enjoy that kind of sport won't be able to get the true experience without being on the site to see the blood, hear the smack of the fist on the head or witness the crash of an automobile. On the other hand, the 'beautiful' sports like basketball, tennis and baseball will be watched by esthetes at home on cable and pay TV where they can admire the grace and beauty, like they would a Peggy Fleming ice show. But I think hockey and football will be more violent in the year 2000 because we may be such a sedentary society that we need some release for our emotions. It'll be a matter of psychological therapy to have violent sport. We may not see men fighting to the death, but we could have animals killing each other—cockfights, pit bulldogs, maybe even piranhas eating each other to death on television."

In the glowing '60s, when consumer-spectator interest seemed to have no limit, sport expanded as rapidly as the rest of the economy. But a 1974 Harris survey showed that only tennis and horse racing had gained in spectator interest in the past year. All other sports had declined. Pro football is still No. 1, but season-ticket sales dropped 6% and TV ratings are down. Even Pete Rozelle is slightly glum. "There has been a dilution in football," he says, "because of the new league. There has been a dilution in all sports. You turn on the radio and hear about teams you didn't even know existed. You ask, 'Where is that team?' Is it hockey or what? The days of simplistic identification are over. There are just too many teams." Whatever there may be too many of, Rozelle obviously doesn't think they are NFL teams. The league is still expanding as blithely as if it were 1965—to 28 teams in 1976, to 30 in 1977 or 1978, and, perhaps by next year, on to Europe for a mini-NFL: the Vienna Lipizzaners, the Istanbul Conquerors, the Rome Gladiators.

Rozelle sees the drop in football popularity as temporary and believes it has been caused by an invasion of bleak real life into the previously escapist "oasis" of pro football. "We are a form of entertainment," he says. "In the future, I hope we can keep our off-field problems removed from the game. The public doesn't want strikes and lawsuits, they want enjoyment. I hope we can make pro football an escape valve for the fan again, an oasis from a troubled world." At the moment, Rozelle still sees commercial television and the spectator-consumer as pro football's economic base, and he says the NFL is no longer even trying

with the idea of starting its own independent network, an idea that was fairly close to reality five years ago. However, if mass spectator appeal takes a deeper nose dive and ratings drop further, the networks may be unwilling to support the NFL in the manner to which it has become accustomed, namely at a rate of \$55 million a year. Cable and pay television will then become a very real possibility.

The payoff for pay television could be nearly astronomical. Jack Kent Cooke, principal owner of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings, as well as largest single stockholder of the Washington Redskins and chairman of TeleProm-ter Corp., did some figuring about the Southern California basin where there are some 3.5 million homes. "If just 20% want to watch the Rams, the Dodgers, the Lakers, the Kings or whatever," says Cooke, "you have a total of 700,000 homes. Let's say it's \$5 per home. You are playing a numbers game that knocks you for a loop—that's \$3.5 million per game!"

But the most likely source of income for sport in the future will be gambling money. Few realists doubt it. Bill Veeck says, "There undoubtedly will be legalized gambling on all sports. There will be off-park betting, of course, and eventually there will be mutuels in our stadiums. There's not a thing wrong with it." University of Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham agrees: "The next step will be legalized gambling—state-controlled mutual windows. Oh, maybe not at colleges, but certainly for the pros. That's not far out. Rozelle's against it now, but he's progressive as hell and he will probably be the first guy to put betting booths in the stadiums."

Assuming proper controls, which would be little different from the controls now in effect to keep illegal gambling from influencing game results, sport could be run almost entirely from gambling proceeds. Indeed, stadium seats now going for as much as \$10 might be as cheap as general admission to racetracks, now averaging \$1.50, or even be free. Not only could the economy of sports be revitalized, gambling might add enthusiasm to spectatorship in general. Lee Vander Velden, an assistant professor of physical education at the University of Maryland, says: "Team loyalties are fading out, I think, and more people are interested in a game like Atlanta vs. San Diego only because they want to see if they can beat the line. Putting a little money up is one guaranteed way to get an individual to work up some excitement over a game he might not ordinarily care about."

An even more logical projection that would hype spectator gambling interest would combine pay television of sorts with your friendly neighborhood bookmaker, or banker. Atlanta Sociologist Fred Crawford says, "We haven't really even started to explore the potential of betting on live games on television. It could work like an American Express Card—you could actually bet against your own bank, say, through your TV set. Something with an electronic key that's activated by a credit card, with computerized punch buttons to show how you want to bet, what

continued

point spread you like, etc. All the gambler would have to do is send in his chit to the bank and have his winnings transferred to his account—or losses deducted."

So, with electronic gambling to solve the economic problems of professional sports, what about the colleges? Michigan's Canham says flatly: "The economics of college sports are critical right now. If you're talking about 25 years, I think that by then—in fact, in a lot less time—we'll have nothing but a coast-to-coast super conference in football. No school will stay in the game except the super powers—maybe 20 teams, maybe 25. Everyone else will be in club sports. Right now Michigan happens to be one of the fortunate schools, but down the line there is deep trouble. I give us five years, at least I *think* we can keep our head above water for five years, but certainly not 25 years. We generate \$4.5 million here in revenue, and when we get to the point where we can't afford big-time football, what must be happening at other schools?"

Another change will be a substantial increase in leisure time. Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener of the Hudson Institute concocted a scenario in their book *The Year 2000* in which working hours were cut from 1,900 to 1,100 a year. This resulted in a 7½-hour workday, a four-day work week, based on 39 work weeks, including holidays, and added up to 147 workdays and 218 days off each year. But leisure may not be the blessing it seems. There will be huge adjustments to be made in terms of soothing the American sense of guilt over not working. Kahn and Wiener wrote: "Typically an American businessman or professional man apologizes for taking a vacation by explaining it is only 'in order to recharge his batteries'; he justifies rest or play mostly in terms of returning to do a better job. Thus if the average American had an opportunity to live on the beach for six months a year doing nothing, he might have severe guilt feelings in addition to a sunburn. . . . He usually must go through a preliminary justification such as the following: 'The system is corrupt, I reject it. . . . To hell with these puritanical, obsolete concepts.' Unless an American has taken an ideological and moralistic stance against the work-oriented value system, he cannot abandon work."

Despite the Kahn-Wiener scenario with almost a 2-to-1 ratio of leisure time over work time (which they say is a maximized possibility), the fact is that in the past 20 years leisure time in America has not changed much—nor has the habit of involvement in sport. Indeed, it has been argued by Stefan B. Linder in a book called *The Horrid Leisure Class* that Americans use less time for relaxation than one would assume, for even though "non-work hours" have increased while work hours have gone down slightly, our advanced technology has actually caused us to expend a lot of "non-work time" at "non-leisure" pursuits such as commuting to and from work for an hour or two a day. Indeed, a clear-cut passivity has been built into American life over the past 20 years despite the so-called Sports Boom. The average amount of time spent participating in sports or vigorous exercise by Americans is only 5.5 minutes a day.

Whether the American society maintains its level of lassitude remains to be seen, but one thing that may change it is the attitude toward physical education in the public schools. For nearly all the years of the Sports Boom, the great majority of American children have had spectatorship thrust upon them from the moment they start school. The average child—and God knows, the inferior child—was neglected or ignored in physical education. The emphasis in high schools has been almost entirely upon the elite male athlete and on team games (the moneymakers). Psychologist Thomas Tutko of San Jose State University says, "It's very painful to think of all the youngsters who love sport but who are being eliminated at every stage just because they aren't going to be 'winners'—because they are too short or too weak. The genuine benefits of athletics—health, sociability and developing personal psychological growth, cooperation, loyalty and pride—are being undermined." Katherine Ley, president of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, says, "We should be offering all kinds of experiences to high school kids— Orienteering, bicycling, camping, hiking. And in the future physical education should be located primarily in the elementary schools or even offered to preschool youngsters. We are too win-oriented, and in athletics we should stress the learning situation, not the winning situation. If competitive sport isn't an education tool, then it should be taken out of the public schools. A coach could sit in the stands and let the kids run the game—that's where the future of school sports could lie."

It is possible, however, that the very personality of the American population as it develops in the next 25 years will be more active than passive, more involved than inert. For the rest of the 20th century will be dominated by the energetic, hell-raising crowd of activist-skeptics born during the Baby Boom of the early '50s, plus the less obviously dynamic but perhaps equally dubious bunch who came a few years later. Some 80 million Americans were born between 1945 and 1965, a birth rate of 23.3 per thousand (an enormous increase compared to the 18.7 rate of 1935 and the slackening rate of 14.9 in 1973). This great bulge of people will affect American demographics right through the millennium. The average age in the U.S. will rise dramatically—from 28 in 1970 to 35.8 in 2000.

The numerical influence of this crowd will be impressive. The Department of the Interior, for example, predicts that whereas there were 14 million backpackers in 1970, by the year 2000 there will be 43 million. Last year no fewer than 21 national parks required campsite reservations. These large numbers work the other way, too: whereas American professional sports are now riding the crest of the Baby Boom and have the greatest pool of young athletic talent available in the history of the world, within a few more years, perhaps only five, that pool will be drying up and the level of excellence will fall as the lower birth rates of the late '60s begin to affect the number of excellent athletes available.

Beyond its numerical force, this crowd has a further influence. In his book *Sociology of Sport*, Berkeley Sociologist Harry Edwards wrote: "Here we have a category of

continued

Olds Starfire. A new way to improve your swing.

Driving it is like hitting every shot in the sweet spot of the club. It's a Supercoupe, designed to preserve the sport of driving in a practical world.

What makes it a Supercoupe? A 3.8 liter V6, 4-speed shift in a console. High-back bucket seats, map pockets, gauges and tach, standard.

Torque-arm rear suspension. Sway bars. GM-spec steel-belted radials. All built into a sporty 4-seater hatchback on a 97-inch wheelbase. Now, if the idea of Oldsmobile's new Supercoupe turns you on, get next to a Starfire at your Olds dealer real soon.



It's a good feeling to have an Olds around you.



See your Olds Dealer! Get a free watercolor reproduction of the famous 16th hole at Cypress Point while supply lasts. Tune in on ABC-TV! Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, Saturday & Sunday, January 25 & 26.

people who have seldom, if ever, known material want, who have for the most part been insulated from the more mundane struggles of day-to-day existence, and many of whom have come to view the sphere of organized sport as crass, vulgar and oppressive. . . . If these definitions of the significance and character of sport persist among members of the youth culture into their adult years, sport as we know it today is likely to decline for want of attention and interest."

David N. Campbell, associate professor of education at the University of Pittsburgh, sees another, more specific shift in that generation's view of sport: "They were a revolutionary generation who rejected competition. They had endured it to a degree that the rest of us never knew. They were ranked, graded and sorted in every effort they undertook. There were too many people for every possibility, every activity, every job, every class. That put most people into a losing status and now we have a society with a majority of losers. And as for competition, I don't think it's ever going to come back as strong as it used to be. These kids have just had too much of it. There's a myth in this country that's propagated by Ford and Nixon that America was made great by competition. If you read American history, you'll find that pioneers were not competitive people, they were a cooperative people. They wouldn't have survived otherwise, so competition is no more an intrinsic part of the American Way than these new generations see it—and they've rejected it."

Competition or non-competition, the future of American sport probably best fits into two broad scenarios: Technosport, that sport which is the product of machines and technicians, and Ecosport, that sport which springs from the natural relationship between man and his environment. They are opposites, yet they are in no way mutually exclusive for, as a number of tomorrow-experts have said, a dominant characteristic of our future will probably be "pluralism," that which allows nearly everything to exist with nearly everything else.

A Technosport scenario will bring a deluge of complexities. Dr. Edward Lawless of the Midwest Research Institute, a Kansas City think tank, says, "Technological developments are likely to get piled upon one another, which will decrease the role of the human being. There will be more 'technological fixes,' urine tests for athletes will be mandatory because drug stimulants will be so common. Football players will be so padded they will begin to look like grotesque robots."

There is talk today, still theoretical, of "genetic engineering," a kind of technological biology in which men can be specifically designed *before* birth to become nine-foot basketball centers with the hands of concert pianists or 375-pound, eight-foot running backs who do the 100 in eight flat. This kind of *Brave New World* concept fits the Technosport scenario, for fans of these games will be spectators supreme—pathological watchers who worship the specialist, adore the elite athlete.

Although jock-breeding might be desirable to Technosport fanatics, it seems unlikely it will be more than a theory by the year 2000. Says Dr. Laurence E. Karp, an obstetrician who does research in reproductive genetics at the

University of Washington School of Medicine, "Breeding super athletes may be possible, but there is really no guarantee that mating an athletically inclined male with a similarly inclined female will produce an athletic offspring. Once the fertilization process begins, the genetic roulette wheel is spun. The two strong mates could produce a Midgetquest."

However, perhaps massive genetic engineering—nature's way—has already begun to give us supermen. Dr. Robert Hamilton, a Chicago orthopedic surgeon who works with several high school teams, says, "We will see 360-pound, 7½-foot tackles in football in 15 years. Take a high school roster 15 years ago, examine the heights and weights and you will find a 15% to 20% increase today—in some cases 50%."

Laurence E. Morehouse of the Department of Kinesiology at UCLA agrees. "There is no limit at the present time to the size people we will produce," he says. "Men eight feet tall, weighing 350 pounds, are possible in the future. The reasons are not genetic engineering, but random mating in an increasing population to bring together diversified genes, plus better nutrition and the absence of childhood diseases." Everyone agrees that one mandatory change in both football and basketball of the future will be larger playing areas to contain tomorrow's giants.

Technosport stadiums will be grand monuments—domed, air-conditioned, artificially turfed—vast Sybaritic arenas equipped with everything from push-button vending machines at each seat to individual TV replays that can be punched up at will. Architect Charles Luckman, whose firm designed the new Madison Square Garden, the L.A. Forum and the still incomplete Honolulu Multi-Sport Movable Stadium (which will have mobile sections on air cushions to change the stadium from a baseball to a football arena), predicts the day is not far off when people will be led to their seats by the sound of ocean waves, of wind, of singing birds, of gurgling brooks, a lovely addition to the cold artificial environs of a typical Technosport stadium.

Computers will be important in Technosport, and every dugout, every sideline bench will have one to pop out sheets of probability tables to help call each play, each pitch, each infield shift. Moreover, spectators will be able to punch up computerized odds and bet against management on every kind of trivial possibility.

Technosport spectators will also feel closer to the game. They will be able to listen in to press-box scouts giving advice to the bench, to miked-and-wired conversations at the pitcher mound, to quarterback's calls in the huddle, to ballgame pep talks.

Lee Walburn of Atlanta's Omni group has a wild, but possibly not too far-out, idea for bringing the fan even closer to the contest. "At least by early in the 21st century," he says, "we will have something called Feel-A-Vision—electronic sensory receptors so the spectator who may lack the ability to take part in sport himself can experience the pun, the emotion, the physical actions of the

continued



Signing off.



Signing on.

At Sherwin-Williams Decorating Centers, there's a new look outside.

And it reflects what's in store for you, inside.

Paint, of course. And beautiful wallcoverings and lush carpeting and all sorts of other home decorating items. Best

of all, at more and more of our stores, there's an expert decorator by the name of Shirley Williams to help you put it all together.

So when it comes to giving any and every room in your house a new look, look for the new look of Sherwin-Williams.



Helps you do it all.

athletes. You could go in a theater, sit down, have buttons on your seat which are hooked into a certain player—to his heartbeats, his brain waves, his pulmonary system. And you could get the transmissions from a quarterback when he throws a touchdown pass. You could feel how Ali felt when Foreman was trying to hit him on the ropes. You could even have been wired into Evel Knievel—but, for God's sake, what if he got killed? Think of the thrill you'd get."

Perhaps a more probable addition to Technosport spectating is something that might be called Democracy Football. It is a Monday night in November, 1999, and the Houston Oilers are about to play the Chicago Bears. In this scenario there are 556,191 homes in Houston with television sets, each equipped with a console containing rows of multicolored buttons. Each viewer has a playbook for the Oiler offense, a playbook for the defense. In Chicago there are 817,911 TV homes, each identically equipped, except, of course, the viewers have Bear play-

books. Now the official flips the coin. Heads for Houston. The Houston viewers vote by pushing a button—529,876 to receive, one (idiot!) to kick off. The vote is instantly counted, computerized, flashed into the helmets of the Houston team. The Democracy Football game is under way. A Houston back returns the kick off to his 38-yard line. All over Houston viewers consult their playbooks (they have one minute) and then they press a combination of buttons to call a play. Instantaneously, the computer totals the Oiler fan-coaches' votes: 307,278 vote for a zig-out pass into the left flat to the tight end; 121,908 for an off-tackle slant to the right with the fullback carrying; 100,689 for a sweep to the right; one man votes for a quick kick (same idiot). Meanwhile, all of Chicago is voting on which defense to use and the plurality—315,924—pushes buttons calling for a four-three-four.

The wishes of the Oiler TV fans are relayed to the Houston quarterback's helmet. He cannot disobey, of course. He

calls the pass to the flat. The Oilers move to the line of scrimmage. The Bears go into the defensive formation their fans have called. The Oilers try the prescribed pass to the left flat. It is knocked to the ground by a Bear linebacker. Houston moans, Chicago cheers. It is second and 10. The viewers vote. And so it goes. Houston plays Chicago, *literally* citizen against citizen. Thus would Technosport produce a technological miracle of something which might hitherto have been thought a contradiction in terms: Spectator-Participation.

Now Ecosport. Here we have the other extreme, for technology and artificiality are abhorred, disdained. Ecosport consists of natural play, unstructured, free-blown. Its games are open, flowing, perhaps without boundaries, often without rules, usually without scoreboards, sometimes without end or middle or measurable victory. Everyone participates and the overriding slogan might well be, "If a sport is worth playing, it is worth playing badly."

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



King Size: 20 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine,
100 mm. 16 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Many think there will be a massive new enthusiasm for natural sport. Michael Novak, author and philosopher, says, "A convulsion is coming, an attempt to throw off the corporation and professionalization—to shake off the cold hand of the 20th century—and return sports to their primitive vigor." The chairman of the Human Development program at the University of Chicago with the incredible name of Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, says, "We have moved from spontaneity to point ratings, from individual talent to computerized cards. There are far more statistics than heroes in sports and I think there will be a reaction against all this, a change back to naturalness."

In the era of Ecosport men may not only begin to doubt the famed Vince Lombardi motto, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," they may actually swing around to Author George Leonard's proclamation that, "Winning is not only not everything, winning is not anything." As John McMurtry, a philosopher from Canada's University of Guelph, said during a sports symposium last year, "Actually, the pursuit of victory works to reduce the chance for excellence in the true performance of the sport. It tends to distract our attention from excellence of performance by rendering it subservient to emerging victoriously. I suspect that our conventional mistake of presuming the opposite—presuming that the contest-for-prize framework and excellence of performance are somehow related as a unique cause and effect—may be the deepest-lying prejudice of civilized thought. . . . Keeping score in any game—especially team games—is a substantial indication that the activity in question is not interesting enough in itself to those who keep score."

The forms of Ecosport will be enormously varied. Soccer, which may be one of the Big Four in America within a decade, is an offspring of Ecosport, for it is flowing, natural and played by men who are built on a human scale and need no sophisticated equipment. The fine and gentle pastimes will increase, such as orienteering, hiking, non-competitive swimming.

The emphasis in Ecosport is on unstructured play. Perhaps the ultimate event in such a scenario is something one may call the Never Never Game, since it is a sport invented on the spot for a given afternoon, something that was nev-

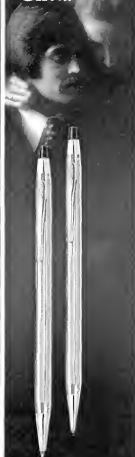
er, never played before and will never, never be played again. The Never Never Game eliminates all specialists, all statisticians. It demands the ordinary all-round person, the average man, since one can never know what skills will be demanded in the game of the day.

The Never Never Game: It is a soft sunny afternoon and on a meadow somewhere in the U. S. about 100 people—men, women, children—have gathered. They separate into two groups, approximately equal, and a man carries a small container filled with beads of half a dozen different colors. Under his arm he has the Never Never Game Book. This book is filled with myriad possibilities for games—one section has different kinds of balls or stones or items to be used, another section has lists of field sizes and shapes, another the rules of play for many games. Each of the different items in each section is identified with a color combination. The man in the center of the meadow reaches into the Never Never bead jar and without looking takes out a handful of beads and throws them on the ground. The colors are two reds, a yellow, four blues, a white, two greens. In the Never Never Book section on "game balls" he finds "a disk the size of a pie plate" next to this color combination. He throws more beads on the ground, finds that the combination in the "field size" section calls for a circular area 300 yards in diameter. More beads: the game will last three hours. More beads: players will hop on one leg. They will use forked sticks to carry the disk to the perimeter of the field. When one player carries the disk through the other team he may hop on either leg but when two players share in carrying the disk with their forked sticks they may both use both legs—etc., etc.

After consultation to arrange tactics and review the rules, the Never Never Game begins. After three hours it is over. The score is inconsequential, no records are kept, and no specialists are discovered or developed. Everyone has played, some better in this Never Never Game than in another. This game will never be played again. The next Never Never Game may involve flocks of butterflies as the "game ball," perhaps a net across the field with which to catch them, perhaps balloons to fend off the other team's butterflies. Who knows? Who cares? The point of Ecosport—as of all sport—is to play, to enjoy, to exist.

END

The Gift...



CROSS®
SINCE 1848

12 Karat Gold Filled Writing Instruments
At Better Stores Worldwide

© Copyright 1975, P.T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R.I., U.S.A.

RETURN OF THE BIG BOPPER

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

Down but determined to fight his way back to the top, Muhammad Ali turned 1974 into a year of great triumph

The Skeptic: Oh, my God, look! They have given it to Muhammad Ali! That Greek vase of theirs to him. Look at him there on the cover, cavorting about in a tuxedo and wearing a red carnation!

The Writer: That's a rented tuxedo. He's only got about three suits.

S: (suspiciously) How do you know a thing like that?

W: Well, I'm sort of a student . . .

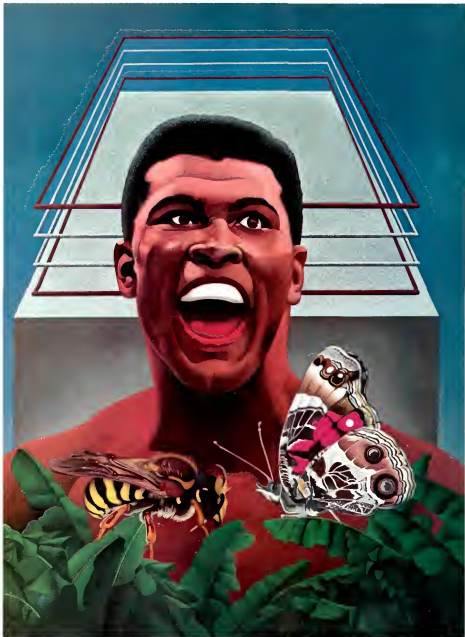
S: You mean you're a boxer?

W: No, I spend a lot of time studying Muhammad Ali. He can become a fixation with someone who writes, perhaps because he may be the most astonishing athlete of our time. Charismatic. Talented. Outspoken. Possibly of tragic stature. Unpredictable—both in the ring and out. You never know whether he's going to come in fat or lean, or what sort of fight he has in mind. The only sure bet is that you're going to be surprised. Even his opponents can never be sure what he's going to do. In the second Liston fight, Ali was going to whip a red bullfight muleta out of his boxing trunks and wave it at Sonny in the first round . . .

S: Well, the guy's a nut.

W: . . . but at the last moment Ali forgot the muleta. I mean where does one buy a muleta in Lewiston, Maine? But then Ali's behavior *outside* the ring is just as controversial: it has made him a historical as well as a sports figure. I would think that anyone with young grandchildren coming along had better be prepared one day to answer, "Tell me about Muhammad Ali." Of course, even then Ali

continued



could very well still be heavyweight champion of the world.

S: Fat chance! Did you think he was going to win in Zaire?

W: Truthfully, I was among those frightened for him. George Foreman seemed just too awesome. Archie Moore, who was working in Foreman's corner, told me that just before going out to the ring, Foreman joined hands in his dressing room with his boxing trust—Dick Sadler, Sandy Saddler and Archie—in a sort of prayer ritual that they had practiced since Foreman became champion in Jamaica with his victory over Joe Frazier. They had done it in Caracas, Venezuela before Foreman knocked out Ken Norton in the second round. Now they were holding hands again in Zaire, and Archie Moore, who had his head bowed, found himself thinking that he should pray for Muhammad Ali's safety. Here's what he said: "I was praying, and in great sincerity, that George wouldn't *kill* Ali. I really felt that was a possibility. George truly doesn't know his own strength."

S: So what happened?

W: Well, Ali's tactics, lying on and playing the ropes, befuddled Foreman. He couldn't figure it out. "Pandemonium got into his mind," as Archie Moore said. Joe Frazier had a nice phrase for it, too. "What George Foreman did wrong was that he didn't do anything right."

S: So you were surprised?

W: I shouldn't have been. But I had a lot of company. At the beginning of the year, very few people thought that such a thing was possible. That's why this was such a good year for Ali. Joe Frazier was just ahead of him, hardly the most secure of stepping stones, and beyond Frazier was Foreman, the champion, refusing even to consider Ali as a contender for his title. True, Ali had managed to revenge himself on Norton, who had broken his jaw in the spring of 1973, which forced him to take sustenance through a straw for a number of weeks.

S: I don't suppose that kept him quiet.

W: Not at all. Ali said about Norton through his wired jaw, "I took a nobody and created a monster. I put him on *The Darling Game*. Now I have to punish him bad." But his victory was a narrow one.

S: Why so much trouble with an unknown if Ali's so great?

W: Well, Norton has a style that can be solved—and very quickly—with a strong left hook like Foreman's or Frazier's. But his habit of leaning back on a right foot played out like Charlie Chaplin's severely limited the effectiveness of Ali's jab. To win, Ali had to come out of his corner in the 12th and fight a final round that he speaks of as being one of the best of his career. Certainly it was one of the most important. Then came 1974. Ali's fight against Joe Frazier last winter was an extension of that great psychodrama they fought in 1971—perhaps not as dramatic since in the original fight both men came into the ring undefeated. But it was a memorable fight. Ali beat Frazier with combinations and he used a jab that kept Frazier off

THEY HAD A BIG YEAR

In the fall of 1954 a sobbing 12-year-old boy walked into the Columbia Gym in Louisville and expressed an interest in whipping whoever had stolen his new bike. So a man there began



HENRY AARON In '54 he hit the first 13 of 733 big-league homers. He was MVP in '57 and has been an All-Star every year since. This season, with consummate grace and power, he surpassed a Ruthian mark.



WILLIE SHOEMAKER His third national riding title came in '54. This year, at the venerable age of 43, the highly disciplined jockey is fifth on the money-winning list, which he has led a record 10 times.

TO TOP OFF 20

teaching Cassius Clay how to box. The careers of the illustrious sportsmen below and on the next two pages also span two decades, and they, too, had outstanding campaigns in 1974.

GORDIE HOWE Already an eight-year NHL star, he was the league's scoring leader in '54. He has played more games and scored more everything than anybody else; and in '73-'74 he was MVP of the WHA.



KEN ROSEWALL Twenty years ago he was runner-up at Wimbledon to Borislav Drabny. After winning numerous national and WCT titles, Mestles finished second this year of both Wimbledon and Forest Hills.



his chest—not allowing him in close where those heavy, short punches (you'll remember that one of them, a left hook, put Ali on the canvas in their first fight) can be so difficult to see and block. No clowning. Ali really wanted it. It was the win over Frazier, coupled with the huge purse offered by the government of Zaire—\$5 million for each fighter—that demanded George Foreman's attention. The stage was set for the resolution of Ali's extraordinary year.

S: What did the fight people think of his chances?

H: They were skeptical. Ali had come further than anyone expected, but surely he could go no further. Jerry Quarry said simply, "Ali has had it. He's just about at the road's end." Dick Sadler, who is Foreman's manager, a very ebullient sort, announced sadly, "I hate to be the one to do it [he uses the personal pronoun in the tradition of most managers when referring to their fighters], but Ali's gonna go. He has been a great contributor to boxing. But like all great men, there's got to be an end, and I'm going to provide it."

As for George Foreman himself, he had scored 24 consecutive knockouts, and he saw himself as a sort of lordly bestower of an anesthetic. "I don't like fights," he said. "I just land the right punch and everything is over. Nobody gets hurt and nobody gets killed . . ." and he said this with such conviction that Ali's ripostes—things like "My African friends will put you in a pot"—seemed shrill and silly by comparison.

S: I suppose Ali was talking so hard that he never had time to listen to what they were saying about his chances.

H: It didn't make the slightest impression. Ali never doubted himself for a minute. Anyway, he always seemed to think that the title was really his, that it had been taken from him unfairly. So it was a question of getting something back that truly belonged to him. That's one of the things that he yelled at Foreman in the ring in Zaire. "You got my championship! I'm taking it back!"

S: When was it, now, he lost the championship?

H: It was lifted seven years ago in Houston. On grounds of religious convictions, Ali had refused to take a step forward to join the military. Besides, he said at the time, "I ain't got nothing against them Viet Congs," a phrase of beguiling innocence that may well be (along with "I am the greatest" and "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee") his contribution to Bartlett's *Quotations*. Ali was out of boxing for 3½ years. Actually, he thinks back on it as an exhilarating time. He once told me why. "Every man wonders what he is going to do when he is put on the chopping block, when he's going to be tested." He didn't know what the Supreme Court would do. He didn't know if he was going to the jailhouse. He didn't know if he could fight again. Throughout all this he was sustained to a large degree by his fervent belief that Allah would see him through. It's a very important part of his makeup. He once said, "I rely on Allah, I leave it up to Allah. Just give me a pair of blue jeans and a leather jacket, a stick with a rag on the back with some food in it and put me on the railroad tracks, and I believe Allah will lead me to a gold mine. I might

continued

even find a million dollar bill right there on the tracks."

S: In that case, once he got back into boxing, how did he explain his defeats?

W: He felt that he was being chastised. And then after his Norton defeat, he began to realize that like all gods, Allah helps those who help themselves. He decided to build a secluded camp where he could train in earnest. This decision was of incalculable value in his recapturing the championship. He calls his camp Fighter's Heaven. It is a complex of cabins built on the side of a hill in the Poconos of Pennsylvania. It's the damdest place. The grounds are set about with huge boulders that Ali had trucked in, each bearing the name of a famous prizefighter. The names are all spelled correctly, but most of the signs in and around the camp display an orthographic quaintness, which turns out to be Cassius Clay Sr.'s, who is a sign painter by profession. One of his notices reads: ALI A SLEEP DO NOT DISTURB. Another, in a list of rules posted in the kitchen, reads like this: IF YOU MUST PINCHE SOMETHING IN THIS KITCHEN PINCHE THE COOK!

S: Doesn't your man want to correct them?

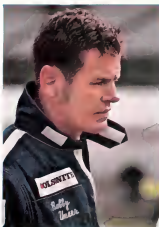
W: Well, Ali has a terrible time with his own spelling and probably doesn't know better. Reading is difficult for him. He's perfectly forthright about it. He picks up a newspaper and every word with more than two syllables stops him. He has to work over it. "What's that say?" "Appendectomy." "Oh, I never would have got by that one."

S: Go on about the camp.

W: Ali designed it himself and he's particularly proud of its decor, which I guess could be described as Spartan Rustic. In a corner of the main cabin he's got an indoor out-house, which may seem a contradiction in terms, but I can't think of a better way to describe the tall, cupboardlike structure. It lacks only the half-moon on the door.

Ali sleeps in the smallest of the bunkhouses, which he refers to as "my Uncle Tom's Cabin." In it are a narrow bed, a table with a Big Ben alarm clock, a coal stove and a table made from a tree trunk. All through 1974 he trained hard there—chopping wood ("I borrowed my strength from the trees," he said about it), sparring in the gym he's built there and doing heavy roadwork on a country lane named Pleasant Run Road. Throughout the year Ali kept his weight, which tends to balloon, at fighting trim—about 210 pounds. It is worth remembering that George Foreman asserts that he only reached his proper weight a few weeks before the championship bout in Zaire and didn't have enough time to build up to his peak strength.

It also is important to note that Ali feels Fighter's Heaven kept him away from temptation. He has a little monologue about the distractions of the city. "Look at the kind of thing that happens there. A pretty girl comes by and says we're having a party. She's just down the hall in 215. You're in 210 across the hall. You are trying to sleep and you hear the music going bum-bum-bum-de-bum. So you get up and say, 'Well, O.K., just for a while.' But nothing like that can happen at Fighter's Heaven. Around there, all



BOBBY UNSER In '54, 20-year-old Bobby was tearing up tracks all over New Mexico. In '74, after many wins, including an Indy 500, he took the USAC driving championship, was named Driver of the Year



GLEN STEPHENS, TED HOOD In '54, a Stephens-designed yacht won Class A in the Bermuda race and sailmaker Hood took the International One-design. Their Courageous won the '74 America's Cup

SAM SNEAD In '54 he was the Masters and, after 84 tournament victories, was voted greatest golfer of all time. In '74, 32 years after first winning the PGA, he finished third in it. He sure sure sure, though.



WALTER ALSTON Quietly, in '54, the man from Hanchuan. One signed the first of 21 one-year contracts as Dodger manager. This year his team won a pennant for the seventh time. Quietly, he signed again.



they got is Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and coal miners."

S: Doesn't Ali have any vices? Come on . . .

B: Of course. In fact, one of them is his love of automobiles. At present Ali's car pool out back of the camp includes two Rolls-Royces, a Volkswagen, a station wagon, a Jeep, a nine-passenger Chevrolet van, a Mercedes 300, a Ford Falcon, a "Blue Bird" mobile home and a huge Greyhound fitted out with a shower and a kitchen and roomy enough for 20 people. The turnover of these vehicles is brisk. As Ali says, he has many more cars than suits. The destination panel above the windshield of the Greyhound reads: **ROOLIN AROUND**. Since Ali loves to drive, you can imagine that motorists out on the highway who have seen the huge bus gaining on them, idly wondering if it's barreling along for Pittsburgh or Harrisburg or wherever, have been startled not only at the odd destination, but at the sudden sight of that familiar face up behind the big horizontal steering wheel.

Ali drives all his cars. He hires chauffeurs, but he ends up doing the driving himself. The chauffeurs sit in the back of the limousines. At the tollbooths on the turnpikes the collectors recognize him and ask how things are going. Ali tells them that times are so rough that he's taking on a little part-time work as a chauffeur. "I got the white boss in the back," and he motions over the seat with his thumb.

Ali especially enjoys driving at night, traveling endless miles through the Poconos as he chats with the truckers on the Citizen's Band radio. All these truckers have code names—"River Rat," "Wino," "Smokey Bear" is their code word for any policeman or a radar trap. Ali's name is the "Big Bopper." The truckers talk about where they are on the roads, and where the police cars have been sighted, and finally someone will ask, "Big Bopper, Big Bopper, this is Redeye . . . you really fixin' on beating Foreman?" And then the truckers listening in hear the famous voice, full of incredulity, drifting over the airways. "You ask a crazy thing like that when you know you talking to the Big Bopper?" Sometimes he gives them a poem:

*I alone wrestled with an alligator
I alone tussled with a whale . . .
Only last week I murdered a rock
I injured a stone, hospitalized a brick.
I'm so mean I make medicine sick.*

S: I hope you don't know too many more of those.

B: You want to hear his shortest? It goes as follows:

Me. Where?

S: Yeah, yeah. Tell me something about this guy and the Black Muslims.

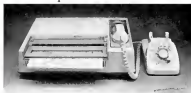
B: Well, certainly part of Ali's impetus to regain the championship involves his relationship with the Black Muslim movement. Since boxing professionally is an activity that is against the Muslim rules, he'll be fully reinstated only when he gives up prizefighting. Their laws and directives are very tough: no sports, no dancing, moving, going, dating, alcohol, tobacco, gambling or sleeping "more than

continued

The 4-minute 3,000 mile.

When you have to get information somewhere fast—the Xerox Telecopier transceiver is a record breaker.

By simply dialing an ordinary telephone you can send copies of documents, diagrams, drawings, even photographs from anywhere in the country to anywhere else in the country.



Even from coast to coast in just four minutes or less.

And just think, with the Xerox Telecopier, if you're sending something from New York to California it gets there 2 hours and 56 minutes before you sent it.

For more information just call our toll free number, (800) 255-4180, and a Xerox representative will run right over.

XEROX



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Full flavor to match
the best of times.

RALEIGH



This Swiss made Stop watch by Zodiac times the action to 1/10 of a second. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

is necessary to health," no quarreling, or discourtesy (especially toward women), or insubordination to civil authority except on grounds of religious obligation. This last, of course, is why Ali felt he could refuse induction into the armed forces. At the moment, because of the boxing ban, Ali lives in a sort of benevolent exile that allows him to speak in behalf of the Muslim movement, but not officially as a minister. Of course, the championship helps him. He told me, "The championship strengthens my reputation as a prophet. No more am I the onliest ill' voice crying in the wilderness."

S: What is Ali going to talk about when he becomes a minister?

W: He'll promote the doctrine of the Nation of Islam. Its leader, the Prophet Elijah Muhammad, is a man Ali venerates. He's now in his 70s, very asthmatic and frail. His headquarters are on the South Side of Chicago, where Ali has purchased a decaying mansion just down the street that he intends to renovate and make his home. Elijah Muhammad is known as the Messenger of Allah.

S: What do these people—Ali among them—believe?

W: Much of the Muslim belief is a sort of homegrown theology developed from "visions" divulged to Elijah Muhammad. They lack the roots one might expect from either the black people's past in the United States, or from Africa origins, or even Koran. The most ominous of their speculations is that civilization will be destroyed in a holocaust caused by bombs dropped from a space platform manned by Muslims, who are men, in Ali's words, "who never smile." The platform is a big wheel-like structure. Ali says it can whip through the air at 18,000 mph and is able to stop on a dime. The platform is supposed to revolve around the world until civilization's collective guilt calls for the destruction to begin, at which point "the men who never smile" will begin to push the bombs overboard. One early vision was that this would happen in 1970. Elijah Muhammad has since moved the date up to sometime before the year 2000. Exactly 144,000 blacks will survive the holocaust (almost all the figures in the Muslim mythology are very precise) to get things going again. Ali has seen the platform many times, he says, at least once a month and usually in the early morning when he goes out on his training runs. He talks about how it moves in the sky. He flails his arms. Its flight path is apparently as erratic as a dragonfly's.

S: It all sounds very goofy to me.

W: Well, I suppose such myths and mysteries bear about the same relevance to the Black Muslim teachings as the stories of the Old Testament to Christianity. The main thrust of the movement is toward self-discipline—to provide some sort of context for moral, material and cultural advancement. That's generally the topic of the Sunday lectures in the Muslim temples. Ali himself is not allowed to speak in the temples, but he has laboriously put together a number of lectures for the college circuit, which he recites by heart. His wife helps him. Their house is full of dictionaries. The talks have titles like "Friendship," "The Purpose of Life," "The Intoxication of Life," "The Wine of Failure." He wishes that his speaking talents were recognized in more elevated circles. Ali told me, "I'd like to do something for the new President. Perhaps he could send me somewhere to do something for my country. I am known everywhere."

It's all very wistful. He says, "I could enlighten other countries about ours. I would do anything for my country if it didn't interfere with my religion or my Islamic beliefs." He'd like to be an ambassador of some sort.

S: An ambassador? What next? Will it be easy for him to give up boxing for all that?

W: I don't think so, but it's part of the Muslim idea of discipline that you should give up something you love. It was awful for him in 1964 to give up "Cassius Clay," a name he truly loved, for Muhammad Ali. Boxing is the only sport that interests him. He finds the notion of football puzzling—that anyone would want to disguise himself with padding and a helmet and stand anonymously out on a field with 21 other people. He does not watch sports events on television. The exciting moments come up so rarely that he forgets in his chair. But any fight film absorbs him. He says that even if it looks dull, "something's involved, something's going on, something's going to happen." In the evening Ali often pulls out a reel from this big collection he has—films of Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Willie Pep, Kid Gavilan, Rocky Marciano and, of course, Sugar Ray Robinson.

S: I'll bet he's got his own films in there.

W: Well, sure. His own fights are the ones that give him the most pleasure. In fact, Ali often doesn't need either the screen or the projector. He re-creates the fights himself. I was sitting with him in a hotel room in Kansas City just after his return from Africa. He was in town for some exhibition bouts. He began to reenact the *Zaire* fight. His friends were all sitting around. He asked them: "Wasn't it the best K.O. ever? Ain't it funny? Didn't I stop the world?" Everybody nodded. Then suddenly, he began imagining himself as George Foreman. "What round is it? The fourth?" He rolled his eyes. "What are we doing in the *fourth*? Is that man still standing up? He supposed to be down. Why, I ain't fought four rounds in seven years." He began to puff heavily. "What round is it now? The *sixth*? What am I doing in the sixth?" He stared around like a man waking up in a strange room. "You mean I ain't knocked him out yet? You mean I'm getting myself involved in a good scuffle?" His breathing became frantic. Around the room everybody clapped and grinned.

But then an odd thing happened. Ali changed gears. In his mind he had reached that eighth round, the round in which Foreman went down, and he leaned back in his chair and told us, "There wasn't no dancing." He looked sort of petulant, staring over the edge of his armchair at the carpet. He said, "I wish Foreman could have got up in the eighth. I could have done some dancing. I wish we could have done that. That would have showed them."

Well, this produced a storm of comforting assurances. Someone yelled out, "But you showed them how you could *thump*. They forgot that."

It didn't seem to help. Ali began talking about the 1951 Sugar Ray Robinson-Jake La Motta fight in Chicago. That was the fight in which Robinson, bothered by a hip injury sustained in training a few days before, fought a brilliant victory off the ropes, much like Ali's style in Africa against

continued

What athletes should know about contact lenses.

The first thing you should know is that only a professional eye examination can determine your eyecare needs. This examination will show whether eyeglasses or contact lenses are better for you.

Wider field of vision.

While conventional eyeglasses are a vital part of the lives of millions of people with poor eyesight, contact lenses provide greater field of vision because they rest directly on the eye itself. For anyone who requires seeing a wide field, this benefit alone could make all the difference in the world.

Contacts are not for everyone.

Contact lenses can't correct every form of vision problem or be worn by everyone, but it's amazing how many people they can help. Some people will not achieve the same degree of vision correction with contact lenses as they do with eyeglasses. Naturally, you must have your eyes examined professionally to determine whether you can benefit from contact lenses. And it's reassuring to

know that most common vision problems in healthy eyes which can be corrected with eyeglasses can also be corrected with contact lenses. Your particular eyes will determine which is better.

Getting used to contact lenses—it's getting easier all the time.

Time was when a person newly fitted with contact lenses experienced weeks of gradual—and often uncomfortable—adjustment. But with new designs and softer lens materials the break-in period has been shortened, and these newer contact lenses often feel comfortable right from the start.

Contact lenses for athletes? Definitely.

Another advantage of the newer contact lenses is that they stay more snugly in place through the jostles and jolts of active sports. Although they should not be worn while swimming, contact lenses are worn regularly by many professional, college, and high-school athletes in other sports.

Easy to care for.

Because contact lenses rest directly on the eye, they must be kept clean and aseptic. Daily lens cleaning and aseptizing are important. These procedures are different for hard lenses and soft lenses, but either process takes only minutes a day. Caring for contact lenses is really no more taxing than good dental hygiene.

An eye examination... where everything starts.

Contact lenses may be right for you—but that can only be determined by having your eyes examined. Millions of people neglect their eyes. A regular professional examination is the best way to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Shouldn't you make a checkup appointment today?

Foresight...
the best way to
preserve eyesight.

BAUSCH & LOMB 
SOFTLENS DIVISION



Pat Fischer



**"I'M ON THE ROAD SO MUCH...A WOMAN
DRIVING ALONE...I WOULD NEVER, NEVER
BUY ANY OTHER BATTERY BUT A DELCO."**

Madeline Samarzas of San Francisco was pleased with the performance of her Delco battery. So pleased, she decided to let us know about it.

"It was so great, I just felt I had to write. I've told everyone I know

about the Delco. I bragged about it, actually. Each time I had the car serviced, I would let them test the battery, and each time it tested great."

Madeline learned to rely on her Delco battery, and she's hardly alone. GM

installs Delco batteries in almost half the new cars and trucks built in the U.S. And when Madeline decided it was time to retire her original Delco, what kind of battery did she buy? "A brand-new Delco." Naturally.

Which brings up another point — finding a Delco battery for your car is so easy. Just look on a corner near you for the red, white and blue Delco sign and the battery that people have learned to rely on.

DELCO BATTERIES
IN MORE CARS, ON MORE CORNERS.



Foreman. "The Sugarman was better," Ali said. He imitated his punches. "Whup-whup-whup, pop-pop-pop . . . he's faster. The Sugarman was faster."

Great consternation swept the room. One of his people cried out, "You crazy?" Ali's brother, Rachmann Ali, leaning back in his chair, brought his front legs down with a crash. "You were perfection," he kept insisting. "You can't beat perfection."

5' Sounds like a crazy scene in there.

B'. Ali wanted that fight perfect. Was it Valery who said that a work of art is never completed, that it is abandoned? That is appropriate, though maybe Ali doesn't believe it. He suffers wonderfully from *hubris*—the Greek idea of excessiveness that always destroyed their tragic heroes. For example, he has this grandiose scheme to fight both Joe Frazier and George Foreman on the same evening. In Kansas City he told us about the money required—\$5 million each for Frazier and Foreman, \$15 million for Ali. Everyone whistled. His idea was to make the two fighters believe that he wouldn't ever fight either of them unless they did it his way. Perhaps that would get them to deft, the compromisers.

S: The guy's a nut . . . , I said it once and I'll say it again.

But Ali has made suggestions of this sort before. Some years back he wanted to fight Thad Spencer, Ernie Terrell and Jerry Quarry in one night, five rounds for each man or even if they insisted 10 rounds apiece for a possible total of 30 rounds. In fact, when Angelo Dundee heard about Ali's idea for a Frazer-Foreman twin bill he said that it was a sure sign of what he called Ali's "advancing decrepitude" that he'd decided to cut down from three fights to only two. "My fellow's in trouble," he said.

Actually, fighters have engaged in these sorts of sham fights before. John L. Sullivan toured the vaudeville circuit at various stages of his career, offering \$1,000 to anyone who would last four rounds with him. The bouts were fought under the Marquess of Queensberry Rules—three-minute rounds and a minute of rest—and it is interesting to note that if some stranger had happened to knock out Sullivan, he could have legitimately claimed the heavyweight championship. Jack Dempsey did the same thing—but he fought two-minute rounds, which protected him from possible deshonement.



Minolta helps you scale the heights.

Reach the top with a camera that doesn't hold you back, a camera fast enough to catch the fleeting moment.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

A Minolta SR-T can help you reach the peaks of photography. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O.



Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

For details and application information, contact the American Photography Contest, Grand Pacific Building, 1000 Broadway, New York, NY 10001, or call 212/691-1000. For a complete list of participating cities, visit the American Photography Contest website at www.americanphotographycontest.com. Prizes include cash, travel, and photography equipment. Open to all ages. No purchase necessary. Ends 12/31/05.

Of course, in Ali's case, he can issue his dual challenge with impunity, knowing that no commission in the world will sanction such a doubleheader. One of the conditions of any official bout is that both fighters must come into the ring "fit," which, as you can imagine, would be a questionable proposition after a turn with either Frazier or Foreman. It wouldn't attract a promoter, who could very easily be stuck with only one half of his drawing card. Joe Frazier put it nicely. When asked if he would be party to such an extravaganza, he said, "I have no wish to be involved with a manslaughter charge."

S: You said Ali was in Kansas City to fight some exhibitions. Did he make special arrangements to protect his title from a chance knockout?

W: His exhibitions were so informal that any commission would have judged them as entertainment. He danced most of the time, toying with his opponents, pushing the heel of his glove against their forehead, always clowning, especially in his first bout against a ferociously solemn fighter in his first year as a pro, a boxer named Ron Draper. Ali took a tap to the head from Draper in the final round, and he swayed and collapsed to the canvas. He rose at the count of nine to put on a fine display of a reeling fighter—slack-jawed, mouthpiece shining, up on his toes and teetering stiffly, and then with increasing speed stumbling across the ring and feinting up against the ropes, bending them back like a bow, and then catapulting past his opponent, who took a swat at him and missed, Ali pirouetting just out of reach and finally crumbling to the canvas.

Ali through this, his face earnest, Draper was stalking Ali, quite oblivious to the laughter rising from around the arena. Afterward I went to see Draper in the locker room. He told me that there was no way Ali could beat him. He said, "There's always someone who can beat him. I'm the one."

Draper didn't bother with a shower. He stepped out of his boxing trunks, pulled on a red sweater and stepped into a pair of red corduroy trousers. He told me, "I'm going to fight Ali for the title. My record? It's two and two. I got beat by Duane Bobick in four and Scott LaDoux in two, and I beat Jerry Williams and some other guy, I don't remember his name. Did I look all right in there? I don't get loose 'til about the third or

fourth round. I'd beat Ali with speed. I hit him a good shot. He wasn't faking. I hit him solid. I seen his eyes roll back in his head."

Meanwhile, Ali went through three more exhibitions. He varied his act with each one. The last was a ferocious mock attack on Bossman Jones, who was one of Ali's sparring partners in Zaïre. Jones had made the mistake of placing a substantial bet on Foreman. He was indiscreet about it. His employer had found him out. Before they started, Ali described this perdy. He embarrassed Bossman into laughing so hard that his whole body shook as he waited in his corner, he kept reaching up to shove his mouthpiece back in with the thumb of his boxing glove.

Then, when they were done sparring, Ali came to the ropes, leaning over them with his gloves still laced on, and he got going with the spectators crowding ring-side in the sort of verbal give-and-take that he relishes. He's awfully good at it. The crowd stretched up toward him. They had had a good time and they wanted more. Ali called down to them: "You expect to see me do the Ali Shalile? You want me to knock out my sparring partners? Well, you go on outside and pay \$50 and then come on in again."

There was a young heckler who kept prodding Ali about the circumstances of his knockdown in the first Frazier fight. Ali answered, "How come he dropped me? Because he *hit* me." He put on a sham of outrage. "How come you ask things like that?"

Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* once described Ali's speaking style as being part Demosthenes, part Billy Graham, part Edgar Guest and part Flip Wilson—"hardly the best of each but surely the loudest." There was a lot of Flip Wilson in Ali that night. He chided the crowd for not coming out in greater numbers. He said, "This is a shame. This is terrible. I'm not a month away from having won the world heavyweight championship before a crowd of ten thousand million..." (He had to revise that; I could see him cock his head, his lips moved, and he changed his computation) "...ten *hundred* million people around the world—and we couldn't fill up this little chicken coop. That's terrible. It's so terrible that I am going to put a curse on this one-horse town. He raised his gloves out over us. "From this day forth," he told us all, "the Kansas

City Chiefs will not win another game until I okay it."

Hank Stram, the Chiefs' coach, was in the house, and he and everyone else murmured uncomfortably at this. Ali was sensitive enough to see that he was on thin ice. A few moments later he raised his gloves again and lifted his curse. But he warned us. "You better watch out."

It was odd. The next morning the story went out over the wires that Ali had been truly bitter about the small turnout, and his castigation of the audience was described without suggesting any of its good-natured quality.

S: Why has Ali always had this bad press?

W: Much of the press never took to him from the first. Many of them thought so little of his credentials 10 years ago in Miami that they wrote he might be killed by Sonny Liston. They did not like being shown up when Ali won; nor did they suffer gladly the public castigation they received when he leaned over the ropes after the fight and jawed down at them like a Billingsgate fishwife. They hunched uncomfortably over their typewriters, their heads down. From the first they called him a loudmouth who couldn't fight. "Un-American" when he joined the Black Muslim movement and refused the draft, and "washed up" when the Supreme Court ruled in his favor and he was able to return to the ring. They were bored by his antics. Of course, their reaction was not universal by any means. Ali has had this great charismatic aura from the first. The prevalent reaction of most people seeing him for the first time, and being close to him, is to smile.

I remember Angelo Dundee once said something like this: "I'll never understand the resentment of his popping off. When I was young, people said Joe Louis is a great fighter, but he can't talk. Today you have a fellow who both talks and fights, and there's resentment."

And then so much of what Ali does is a game, a put-on. He and George Foreman staged a famous prefight tussle, which was called *The Battle of the Waldorf-Astoria*—an odd fracas in which Ali's suit coat was torn off him like tissue paper. He began throwing things—rolls, butter pats, I don't know what all—at Foreman. In the midst of all this, a lady appeared at Ali's side with a heavy candlestick from her table. She said, "Here, Cassius. Hit him with this."

Ali looked at her and said, "Oh, thank

continued

Go for Seven.



It's fourth and three.

And you're fifteen yards from an easy field goal.

But this time, second best just isn't enough.

So you go for seven. First up the middle, then through the uprights. And all of a sudden, you're a winner.

In whiskey, it's the same thing. When second best isn't enough, you go for Seven.

Seagram's 7 Crown.

It goes your way, any way you like it. Which is why America likes it best.

**Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's favorite.**

For a full-color 20" x 30" poster of the "Go for Seven" illustration, send \$1.00 to:
"Go for Seven" Poster, Dept. E, P.O. Box 5126,
Hicksville, New York 11816.
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Offer void where prohibited.





**No other scotch makes you wonder
what you did to deserve it.**

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

you, ma'am, but I'm just playing." And he wound up and threw a water glass that went 20 feet over Foreman's head and feigned up against a curtain.

S: Tell me one thing. Why do you think Ali's last victory was so popular, considering how controversial he is?

W: I think it was the sort of joyous reaction that comes with seeing something that suggests all things are possible: the triumph of the underdog, the comeback from hard times and exile, the victory of an outspoken nature over a sullen disposition, the prevailing of intelligence over raw power, the success of physical grace, the ascendance of age over youth, and especially the confounding of the experts. Moreover, the victory assuaged the guilt feelings of those who remembered the theft of Ali's career. It was good to watch and hear about, whichever fighter one supported. Indeed, one of the prevailing stories the morning after the fight was that never had so many large bets been handed over so cheerfully to their winners.

S: I'm not so sure about that. I didn't exactly hand over my liver with a big smile.

W: An exception.

S: Tell me, do you happen to know what was on Ali's mind after he won?

W: He told me. He talked about leaving the stadium in Kinshasa as the dawn was beginning to break. Hundreds of fans were still in the stands and the ring had all these people in it, squaring off and acting out how Foreman had gone down. Ali and his wife went out and sat in the back seat of their Citroën. On the drive to the training camp on the banks of the Zaire River he said they had begun talking about how odd it seemed to be coming out of a fight into the light of day. Invariably, fighters arrive at the arenas in the late afternoon or in the early evening, leaving daylight, and after the night's activity they come into darkness. In the car Ali kept remarking on it. It seemed so symbolically appropriate that on this occasion he should be coming out of darkness into light.

S: Well, O.K. I might give him the benefit of the doubt. Might even look into this issue with him on the cover.

W: You might find out some things about him.

S: But why has he rascally look on the cover?

W: I don't know. I suppose it tells you in there somewhere.

END

101

Iceberg 100's



P.S. If you like the ski cap and muffler shown above, we'll be glad to send you a set for only \$2.95, plus two Iceberg 100's closure seals. Just mail check or money order to Iceberg 100's Offer, P.O. Box 7160, Westbury, N.Y. 11592. Offer expires June 30, 1975. Void to persons under 21 years of age. Void where prohibited. No cash or legal tender. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

8 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '74

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST "When George lost his head everybody turned against us. It seemed to change the complexion of the game. George said he didn't feel like the same person after that." George was Guard George Bucci of Manhattan and the analysis was by his coach, Jack Powers, after the Jaspers were upset 85-77 by red-hot Rutgers. Powers was referring to a vigorous shove Bucci gave Rutgers' Ed Jordan. At the time, the Jaspers led 29-25, but Bucci's roughness turned the Madison Square Garden crowd against them and ignited the Sealet Knights. Bucci, who had made seven of his first 10 shots, missed eight of nine thereafter. Phil Sellers popped in 22 points for Rutgers, then added 26 more as the Knights returned to the same court two days later and defeated St. John's 85-74. He led a sweep by New Jersey schools of New York teams at the Garden. Seton Hall downed St. Bonaventure 75-69 and St. Peter's clipped Manhattan 78-75.

In much the same way that a shove helped push Rutgers to victory, a sharp back-and-forth Penn in its 90-90 conquest of Villanova. Forward Ron Hagler, irked because there was no whistle when he was hit, poured in 13 straight points in the next five minutes and wound up with a total of 25 to go along with his 16 rebounds. Earlier, Penn toppled Gettysburg 99-80.

Disappointed with 6'9" Tommy Boswell's total of 21 points and 16 rebounds in South Carolina's first two games, Coach Frank McGuire shifted him from center to wing against St. Joseph's. Boswell, who McGuire said had been "buried in there" at center, came back to life with 26 points and 13 rebounds as the Gamecocks crowd 89-54.

"It was almost like a work of art," boasted Coach Lefty Driesell about Maryland's 55-22 first-half margin over previously unbeaten Georgetown. At the end the score was 104-71. It was art of a different sort—perhaps out of the pages of *Mud*—two days later as the Terps frolicked past DePaul 113-49.

Dregon State outbounded North Carolina State 42-33, but with Mo Rivers scoring 26 points and David Thompson getting 28, the Wolfpack won 86-73.

Boston College beat Rhode Island 83-67.

1. N.C. STATE (5-0) 2. PENN (5-0)

WEST USC Coach Bob Boyd has two rules for his players when they have the ball: shooters must not fire from beyond 15 feet and dribblers must not take more than three bounces. Aware of those restrictions, Nevada-Reno Coach Jim Padgett took a gamble—what else?—by us-

ing a 2-3 zone that was designed to clog the middle and invite the Trojans to shoot from the wide-open perimeter. Trying to work the ball inside, USC committed 22 turnovers, missed easy shots and did not look sharp in the early going. Then Earl Evans and Clint Chapman came off the bench to combine for 25 points and the Trojans outgambled Reno 97-84.

"We went to the boards because we were at war," said Washington State Coach George Raveling after surprising DePaul 83-69. Leading warrior for the Cougars was 6'11", 240-pound Steve Pundakas, who had 26 points and helped State to a 58-36 rebounding edge by latching on to 17 missed shots. DePaul topped Gonzaga 80-73 and Purdue got by San Diego State 91-87.

It was called the Fiesta Classic, but really it was no more than a pair of doubleheaders played 120 miles apart on successive nights in Tempe and Tucson, Ariz. All four teams started out unbeaten, but only the hosts remained that way. Arizona State ran its record to 7-0 by defeating Kansas State 80-69 and Illinois 91-60, and Arizona was 6-0 after stopping the Illini 78-66 and K-State 67-65. In an earlier game in which the lead changed hands 14 times, Arizona held off Nevada-Las Vegas 85-80.

1. UCLA (4-0) 2. USC (4-0)

MIDWEST MEMPHIS STATE HAS THE ELEVATOR, FLORIDA STATE GETS THE SHIRT said a sign concocted by Tiger fans. Although Marion (Elevator) Hillard had 25 rebounds and 17 points, it was the Tigers who were nearly taken for a ride. They were called for goaltending seven times and trailed by five points with 1:28 to go. Pulling them through for a 70-69 verdict was John Tunstall, who sank two baskets in the last 51 seconds. The Tigers had less difficulty defeating Murray State 102-77 and East Texas State 100-89. Forward Bill Cook scored 71 points in the three wins.

Before the Jayhawk. Clause in Lawrence, Kans., Washington Coach Marv Harshman made light of his team's 3-0 record by saying, "My wife and boys could have beaten some of the teams we've played." The Harshman clan might have been hand pressed against Temple, which lost to the Huskies 54-46, and against host Kansas, which Washington knocked off 74-64 to win the tournament.

Louisville defeated Florida State 84-75. Arizona State won twice—72-70 over Wichita State and 84-70 over St. Louis.

1. LOUISVILLE (3-0) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (3-0)

MIDEAST Throwing up a spirited press that forced 24 turnovers and getting 31 points from Adrian Dantley, Notre Dame upset Kansas 75-59. But two nights later Indiana refused to be rattled by the Irish press or by Dantley's 32 points. The Hoosiers' 94-84 win prompted Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps to plug them as the nation's No. 1 team. "I've got UCLA next week and I'm going to tell Coach Johnny Wooden, 'They'll kick your funny anytime, anywhere,'" said Phelps. Also impressed by the Hoosiers was Kentucky Colonel scout Ralph Beard. "I think they play the best D of any college team I've seen in a long, long time," he said after seeing Indiana provoke 32 turnovers and come up with 21 steals while wallowing Texas A&M 90-55.

Purdue's Soul Patrol second unit accounted for 47 points as the Boilermakers riveted Western Kentucky 114-91. One member of that group, Walter Jordan, had 10 rebounds and 20 points in 21 minutes. Dick Satterfield, the lone white and only upperclassman on the Soul Patrol, had eight points, but insists he won't say much about his performance in the book he is writing on Purdue's season. Satterfield says he will avoid exposés and sensationalism to focus on "the human things that happen in basketball" as seen by "a guy who sits on the bench 30 to 35 minutes a game." Purdue also stymied West Virginia 94-83. In the two games John Garrett had 55 points and 22 rebounds, Bruce Parkinson 26 points and 19 assists.

Kentucky fell behind North Carolina 31-16, but led by the return of Guard Jimmy Dan Conner, the Wildcats outscored the Tar Heels 22-3 to lead 38-34 at the half. Conner finished with 35 points and Kentucky with a 90-78 upset victory. Also taken down a peg was Detroit, a 90-76 loser to Dayton. Marquette narrowly avoided being upended by Toledo, pulling out a 64-61 decision.

In the midst of a 91-76 loss to Alabama, Georgia Tech Coach Dwane Morrison paid a sarcastic tribute to his Crimson Tide counterpart, C. M. Newton. Morrison, who alleges that Newton tolerates referees from the bench, objected to a foul by shaking hands with the Tide coach and saying, "Great call." Freshman high-point man Berni King had 59 points as Tennessee took its own Volunteer Clause by hopping Navy 86-59 and Harvard 84-69. Vanderbilt kept up its hot shooting, hitting 61.1% of its field-goal tries in beating Texas Tech 95-86. That raised the Commodores' four-game average to 57.5%.

DePaul stopped St. Bonaventure 89-72.

1. INDIANA (5-0) 2. ALABAMA (3-0)

There's been a change in Charger. It's a whole new car.

For years, Dodge Charger has made a name for itself as a great personal car.

Now, for 1975, Charger is a totally new car—the first luxury Charger, a car that is now both very personal and very elegant.

We've named it the Charger Special Edition, and we've restyled it, front to back.

We've given it a classic grille. A sculptured rear deck. We've given it deep, stately side windows, and backed them up with

optional lowered opera windows.

And inside, this Charger has a lot of personal touches. Like crushed velvet upholstery. Carpeting right up the walls. It even has a digital clock.

And here's the clincher: Chrysler Corporation's new 12-month, unlimited-mileage car warranty.

For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motor Corporation Dealer will fix, without

charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use regardless of mileage.

Of course, the owner is responsible for maintenance service such as changing filters and wiper blades.

The all-new Charger Special Edition 1975 from Dodge. You'll love the change we made.

Introducing Dodge Charger Special Edition '75



"You'll love the
change we made."



Extra care in engineering
makes a difference in Dodge.
Depend on it.

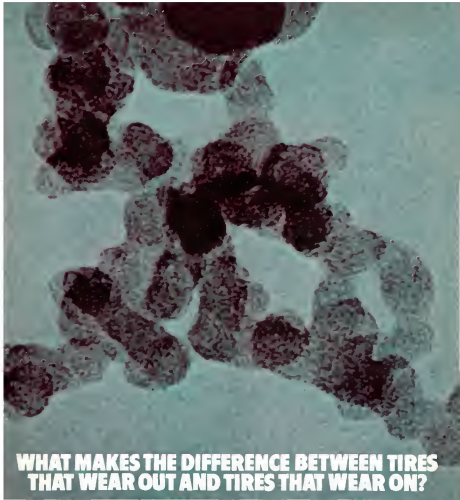


CHRYSLER
MOTOR CORPORATION



Dodge

Dodge Trucks



WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TIRES THAT WEAR OUT AND TIRES THAT WEAR ON?

If this speck of carbon black* were in your eye, you wouldn't know it. But you can see its importance everywhere. Because carbon black's unique properties strengthen rubber.

They add longer life to windshield wiper blades. Extra strength to bumper guards. And thousands



of miles of wear to your car's tires.

There are many ways to make carbon black. Some costly — some wasteful — some environmentally unacceptable. But one company discovered a means of producing it from oil — which minimizes these problems.

Who discovered this fore-

runner of the many processes now used to supply the world's carbon black? The same company that makes fine products for your car.

The Phillips Petroleum Company. Surprised?

The Performance Company



*Increase magnification of carbon black particle by Transmission Electron Microscope

©1987 Phillips Petroleum Company
All rights reserved. Phillips 66 is a registered trademark of Phillips Petroleum Company.

As I Saw It

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

ALL ROME (N.Y.) HAD A BALL AT THE FIRST WORLD SERIES OF BOCCIE

Maybe you missed the World Series of Bocce a while back. Too bad, because the first annual classic was a classic. It was played in Rome, 90 miles west of Albany, N.Y., in true Latin style, a mélange of thumping wooden balls, joyful cries and undeleted expletives of Italian origin. Hot sausages and peppers. Steamed clams and beer that flowed ceaselessly for the two days the World Series lasted. If the tournament was not exactly a series in which the world participated, *non importa*. Baseball does not really have a world series, either.

The Romans of New York were attempting for the first time in the history of the ancient game to introduce bocce as a competitive sport on a national basis. They would have succeeded had teams from Philadelphia, Rochester, Buffalo and Los Angeles turned up, as expected. Tournament Treasurer Joseph Taverna had a variety of reasons for the defections. He particularly mourned one: "We expected a team from a mushroom farm in Ontario, but their entry fee—40 bucks—got bogged down in the mail strike." Nevertheless, a team from Derby, Conn. did show up, and that made the series national in a sense. The other 46 teams were all from the Rome-Utica area, their names reading like a roster out of Caesar's forum: Galliano, Toccolano, Gigliotti, Vinci, Aquino, Tosti, Antonio, Mariani, Rubino-Pugliese, Adolli, Mosca, Cataldo, Rossi, Cortese, Sanzone, and Derby's Sons of Italy, whose members were Antonio Scapellato, Luigi Battaglini, Biaggio Consales and Michele D'Ambrosio.

"Ever seen so many spaghetti benders under one roof?" asked Taverna happily as the opening ceremonies began. Eight 12-by-60-foot indoor courts had been laid out inside the John F. Kennedy Arena in case it rained, which it did. Up on the podium Cosimmo (Cozy) Cos-

tello, Commissioner of Bocce, shouted to 2,000 empty seats that history could not be made until "those who come to watch this history" got off the courts. Five relatives of the players reluctantly withdrew to the stands. The commissioner then introduced the mayor of Rome, "Hizzoner William B. Valentine." The two are old friends. Valentine had once introduced Costello as "the only man I know who could louse up a two-car funeral."

Costello next rushed from the podium to sort out the teams, and history marked time for another hour. Then the first *polino*, small yellow spheres resembling billiard balls, rolled down the courts. In turn, the four players on each team—point men, who try to gently roll their balls as close as possible to the *palino*, and spockers, who try to blast the opponents' ball away from the *palino*—took aim and fired. A game can last from 15 minutes to the better part of an hour.

Costello climbed back to the podium and shouted, "I call your attention to the history on the fourth court where the first official women's team ever is playing." A heavyset male spectator removed his

uty sheriff and a former deputy sheriff. No one was too concerned about who was keeping law and order, since Rome is a generally lawful, well-kept community. And it was in Rome that thousands of bocce-playing Italians settled, fathers teaching sons, lovingly tending hand-made gravel courts, or simply playing cross-country as their toga-clad forebears did in Caesar's day.

In cities like New York, bocce is an old man's game—a sort of shuffleboard played with balls to fill the lonely hours. In Rome, young men join the old, and an English dame, when a point is missed mingles with an oldtimer's *Stupido!* in self-recrimination or *Che sei pazzo?* (Are you crazy?) in accusative query.

All through that first rainy day ball thunked against ball until more than half the teams had been eliminated. The commissioner announced that history would move to the outside courts, weather permitting, for the finals the following day. But the handwriting was already on the wall. The Connecticut Sons of Italy, playing with fierce concentration, were the team to beat.



stogie and growled, "In Rochester they don't let women anywhere near the courts." As it turned out, the women were no threat to male egos—they lost their first game 15-3 to the boys from Cataldo Ready Mix.

Meanwhile Treasurer Taverna was busy with a ruler, measuring the distance between bocce ball and *palino* when the naked eyes of the participants were not to be trusted, which was often, even though the Rome police force had sent two teams, and Onondaga County entered its sheriff, under-sheriff, lieutenant-dep-

Taverna arrived late on Sunday morning, which was bright and clear. "I go to church and give my *Compare* [meaning God] two beans [dollars] instead of one," he explained. "I say 'EM! Compare!' He understands and makes the bocce a big success."

In the first court, the Puglieses were playing the Coriglianos, who happened to be their brothers-in-law. In the second court Gigliotti's Liquor was eliminating Antonio's Bakery, and in the third court the Sons of Italy were sending their opponents' balls scattering in all direc-

tions. They did not seem to hear the loud dispute that had erupted in the next court when Tony Pettenelli, in a fine Mediterranean rage, walked out on the game. Referee John (The Sheriff) de Prospero appealed to the commissioner. Pettenelli, he said, had started playing before the signal to begin had been given. Pettenelli had just made a fine shot and given his team a point. De Prospero nullified the score and the infuriated Pettenelli refused to play anymore. In booze there are no clubs to break, no rackets to throw; there is only a leave to take. "Flem ou!" implored his teammates, but Pettenelli, an ironworker from the old country and a booze player all his life, refused to return. He waved his arms, glared at de Prospero in deep disgust and said, "I go play golf." Commissioner Costello listened first to de Prospero, then Pettenelli's teammates; gesticulation, vituperation, facts, an account of Pettenelli's magnificent shot. He made his decision. Pettenelli's team was short one man and must forfeit the game.

"Non importa," said Taverna. "Tomorrow they all be friends again."

By late afternoon the Gallianos had beaten the Aquinos to take third. The Sons of Italy were pitted against a team from the Rome Bowling Center in the finals. Captain Scupellato directed strategy, asking his men frequently to bounce one off the side or backboards to get a better position. Point by point, the teams stayed tied, neither able to take the \$750 first prize. A sizeable hometown crowd watched the action, cheering whenever Rome Bowling made a point. In the last moments of the game, Battaglino tried to spoof and missed. Gripping the ball for his team's last shot, Scupellato took deliberate aim at a cluster of green balls and *thunk!* it was over. The Sons of Italy had triumphed 16-13.

"When it comes to booze, his stomach is in knots," said Scupellato's wife, taking her hero home from a celebratory dinner at the Savoy, which specializes in steak, pasta and wine. Taverna danced a tarantella, while his party of five dinner guests somehow exploded into 30, largely, Taverna suspected, through the machinations of Costello. Sinking finally into his chair, Costello sighed. "So much work," he said, "but necessary when it comes to making this history." TWO

GREAT TURN-ON FOR COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL NUTS

Complete with—
Official helmet of any
college team
Natural burlap shade
Three-way lighting
Solid oak base



NOW ONLY

\$29.95

(A \$50.00 value!)

Whether you're in school or an alumnus, our star-quality lamp shows what team you're just nuts about. The authentic college football helmet says it all. It's exactly like the helmets that favorite squad of yours wears!

Rush us the name of the team and we'll rush your "helmet lamp." A real attention-getter in the dorm, your home or office. Now, specially priced so low, you'd expect to pay more for the helmet alone.

A SUPER BUY, CHARGE IT!

Sports Products
280 Rand Street Central Falls, R.I. 02863

My favorite collegiate team(s) _____
(list names)

Send me _____ lamps @ \$29.95 ea. plus
(quantity)

\$2.00 per lamp for postage and handling.*

☐ With AstroTurf base, \$2.00 extra per lamp
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express

Card # _____ Expiration date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Add sales tax where applicable.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 8-15

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: In less than 24 hours Rafi Rabit Bob McAdoo scored 79 points in two games against the New York Knicks that helped the Braves to two satisfying wins (over 26). Boston had a 3-1 week that began with a 10-point win over New Orleans and ended with Paul Westphal scoring a 39-point jumper for an overtime victory over Atlanta. The Hawks were also beaten by Philadelphia's Golden State. Central Division leader Washington beat the Warriors behind Phil Chenier's 29 points. The highest race was still in the Midwest, where Detroit led Kansas City-Ontario by one-half game, although losing to the Kings twice. The Pistons did beat Philadelphia, while Milwaukee's only win was over Detroit. Chicago beat New Orleans by 33 points and lost its other game. Houston walloped the Kings 123-84 as Calvin Murphy led a balanced offense with 23 points. Seattle and Portland were winning during the week. Phoenix swept the Trail Blazers 106-100 and Cleveland 85-84. Los Angeles beat the Suns and the SuperSonics.

ABA: The streaking New York Nets, with Julius Erving scoring 27 points and helping out at center to help Kovačević's Arta Gervino to 11 points with their eighth straight and had a two-game lead over the Colorado in the East. There was no stopping Denver in the West, and the Nuggets (2-0 for the week) led the division by 14½ games. Second-place San Antonio fired Coach Tom Renner. "For contract detrimental to the franchise," he was fired. San Antonio fired Coach Tom Renner. "For contract detrimental to the franchise," he was fired. San Antonio fired Coach Tom Renner. "For contract detrimental to the franchise," he was fired. San Antonio fired Coach Tom Renner. "For contract detrimental to the franchise," he was fired.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY moved close to the first \$100,000 season in his sport when he earned \$3,000 for winning the Western-Southern Invitational in Honolulu, giving him \$95,100 this year.

BOKING—JOSE NAPOLES of Mexico retained the world welterweight crown with a third-round knockout of Argentina's Horacio Saldaña, in Mexico City.

FIELD HOCKEY—SUNRAY OF CHIRCHILL, owned by Dr. Warren A. Whitcomb Jr., led with three goals in a second consecutive English-Springer Spaniel national amateur championship stake at Camden, Ark.

GOLF—PRO BASKETBALL: TEXAS A&M rallied in the second half for a 34-25 victory over Henderson (A&M) State and the NAIA Division I title. CENTRAL MICHIGAN won the NCAA Division II

championship with a 56-54 thrashing of Delaware in the Carolina Bowl.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: In the NFC East, Terry McCall's two second-half touchdowns fired the St. Louis Cardinals to a 26-14 victory over the New York Giants and their first division crown in 23 years. Washington's 42-0 thrashing of Chicago was not enough to shake the Cards' grip on first place. In the other divisions, all previously decided, NFC Central champion Minnesota walloped Kansas City 38-13; NFC West leader Los Angeles edged Buffalo 15-10; AFC East king Miami rallied to top New England 34-27, despite Mack Henry's record-breaking all-around performance; AFC Central champion Pittsburgh beat Indiana Cincinnati 27-13; and AFC West 14th-ranked Oakland held off Dallas 27-23. In games between almost any, San Francisco whipped New Orleans 35-21 and Houston took Cleveland 28-26 to finish at 500. The New York Jets won their sixth straight, upsetting Baltimore 45-33, while Philadelphia got past Detroit 28-17. Atlanta concurred Green Bay 10-3, and San Diego upset Denver 17-0.

HOCKEY—NHL: Montreal, Normie Division leader, stretched their goals in the second period of a 3-3 win over Minnesota, knocking goalie Cesare Maniago out of the game. Maniago skated desperately off after an easy shot bounced off his mask and into the net. The Canadiens also had lost with the New York Rangers and Pittsburgh and beat California. The Rangers tied Washington 6-6, and Boston bonked the Capitals 12-1. Adams led Buffalo finished Minnesota 5-0 as Gil Perreault, Richard Martin and Rene Robert of the French Connection last each scored his 200th goal. Philadelphia (near 200), leading the Patrick, beat the New York Islanders. Minnesota and Atlanta Vancouver tied in Kansas City, was two and continued to pace the Smythe Division. St. Louis had three wins, including one over Detroit, which had topped Vancouver 4-3. Toronto took Chicago but lost to Los Angeles; it was the Kings' only win of the week.

WHA: First-year franchise Indianapolis had a new president and general manager, James Bloomer, but beat only San Diego during the week. New England paced the East Division with victories over Minnesota and Quebec. Toronto, the Canadian leader, defeated Phoenix and edged Cleveland 7-6 in overtime. Houston, too, had the West, had won over Vancouver and Winnipeg. Michigan was blanketed twice, by Chicago 6-0 and Edmonton 7-0.

HORSE RACING—BIG SPRUCE (\$3,600), Angel Sastry up, closed out his career by winning the \$55,000 1½-mile Gulfstream Fox Handicap at Aqueduct.

FLEET VELVET (\$17,401), Fernando Tre riding, rallied at the finish to win the \$112,400 1½-mile

California Juvenile Stakes for 2-year-olds, at Bay Meadows.

HOGS—TOM FERGUSON of Miami, Okla., won \$774 all-around legs at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, so up his earnings for the year to \$67,873.

SKING—HENRI DUVILLARD of France earned \$6,000 for winning the slalom and giant slalom at Aspen, Colo. Håkan Kallqvist of the U.S. finished second in both events, winning \$5,000.

TEENIE—Argentina's GUILLERMO VILAS took the Grand Prix Masters, beating defending champion Patricio Cornejo 7-6, 3-6, 1-6, 6-4 in Melbourne, Australia. MARGARET COURT won the West Australia Open title with a 6-4, 3-6 victory over Russia's Olga Morozova in Perth.

VOLLEYBALL—UCLA won the sixth Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AAIW) National Championships, defeating the University of Hawaii 15-7, 13-8, at Portland State University. Defending champion Long Beach State was fifth.

MILPITAS—INDUCTED into the College Football Hall of Fame, HARRY AGGANS, Boston University quarterback, 1949, 51, 52; JOHN FERRARO, Southern California tackle, 1943, '44, '46, and '47; ELLROY HIRSCH, Wisconsin halfback, 1942, Michigan, 1943, EASTON KOCK, Baylor guard, 1924-33; MAL KUTNER, Texas end, 1939-41; JIM PARKER, Ohio State guard, 1934-36; MARNEY POKIE, Nebraska running back, 1937-39; P. W. PUGH and Army end, 1942-48; MARCH SCHWARTZ, Notre Dame halfback, 1926-31; BILL VESLOS, Oklahoma halfback, 1932-33; BILL MURRAY, Delaware coach, 1940-50, Duke, 1951-63.

RESIGNED AREA PARISHIAN, an football coach at Notre Dame, after 11 seasons. Former Green Bay Packers Coach Dan Devine will replace him.

CREDITS

12—Joe Bellon, Mark Gaudin, Herb Schuler 24, 25—Tony Turner, Walter Jones Jr. 26, 27—Dan Bell 28, 32—Ben Ross, Neil Miller 31, Herb Schuler 32, 33—Rich Gervino, Fred Easter Bush, John G. Zimmerman, Sam Weimer 34, 42, 43—Myke Felix, Jerry Gaska, Neil Miller 44, 45—Nate Allen 46, 47—Walter Jones Jr. Neil Miller 48, 49—Carl Lewis 50, 51—Neil Miller, AP 52, Herb Schuler 53, 54—New York Daily News, Walter Jones Jr., Neil Miller 55, 56, 57—AP 58, Mark Gaudin, Fred Easter Bush, John G. Zimmerman, Bob Olan-Howe York Yankees, John G. Zimmerman 58, 59—James R. Pool 38, 39—Rich Gervino, John G. Zimmerman, Walter Jones Jr., Neil Miller 60, 61—Andy French 62, 63—AP 64, Neil Miller 65, 66—Walter Jones Jr., Neil Miller 67, 68—Neil Miller 69, 70—Neil Miller 71, 72—Neil Miller 73, 74—Neil Miller 75, 76—Neil Miller 77, 78—Neil Miller 79, 80—Neil Miller 81, 82—Neil Miller 83, 84—Neil Miller 85, 86—Neil Miller 87, 88—Neil Miller 89, 90—Neil Miller 91, 92—Neil Miller 93, 94—Neil Miller 95, 96—Neil Miller 97, 98—Neil Miller 99, 100—Neil Miller 101, 102—Neil Miller 103, 104—Neil Miller 105, 106—Neil Miller 107, 108—Neil Miller 109, 110—Neil Miller 111, 112—Neil Miller 113, 114—Neil Miller 115, 116—Neil Miller 117, 118—Neil Miller 119, 120—Neil Miller 121, 122—Neil Miller 123, 124—Neil Miller 125, 126—Neil Miller 127, 128—Neil Miller 129, 130—Neil Miller 131, 132—Neil Miller 133, 134—Neil Miller 135, 136—Neil Miller 137, 138—Neil Miller 139, 140—Neil Miller 141, 142—Neil Miller 143, 144—Neil Miller 145, 146—Neil Miller 147, 148—Neil Miller 149, 150—Neil Miller 151, 152—Neil Miller 153, 154—Neil Miller 155, 156—Neil Miller 157, 158—Neil Miller 159, 160—Neil Miller 161, 162—Neil Miller 163, 164—Neil Miller 165, 166—Neil Miller 167, 168—Neil Miller 169, 170—Neil Miller 171, 172—Neil Miller 173, 174—Neil Miller 175, 176—Neil Miller 177, 178—Neil Miller 179, 180—Neil Miller 181, 182—Neil Miller 183, 184—Neil Miller 185, 186—Neil Miller 187, 188—Neil Miller 189, 190—Neil Miller 191, 192—Neil Miller 193, 194—Neil Miller 195, 196—Neil Miller 197, 198—Neil Miller 199, 200—Neil Miller 201, 202—Neil Miller 203, 204—Neil Miller 205, 206—Neil Miller 207, 208—Neil Miller 209, 210—Neil Miller 211, 212—Neil Miller 213, 214—Neil Miller 215, 216—Neil Miller 217, 218—Neil Miller 219, 220—Neil Miller 221, 222—Neil Miller 223, 224—Neil Miller 225, 226—Neil Miller 227, 228—Neil Miller 229, 230—Neil Miller 231, 232—Neil Miller 233, 234—Neil Miller 235, 236—Neil Miller 237, 238—Neil Miller 239, 240—Neil Miller 241, 242—Neil Miller 243, 244—Neil Miller 245, 246—Neil Miller 247, 248—Neil Miller 249, 250—Neil Miller 251, 252—Neil Miller 253, 254—Neil Miller 255, 256—Neil Miller 257, 258—Neil Miller 259, 260—Neil Miller 261, 262—Neil Miller 263, 264—Neil Miller 265, 266—Neil Miller 267, 268—Neil Miller 269, 270—Neil Miller 271, 272—Neil Miller 273, 274—Neil Miller 275, 276—Neil Miller 277, 278—Neil Miller 279, 280—Neil Miller 281, 282—Neil Miller 283, 284—Neil Miller 285, 286—Neil Miller 287, 288—Neil Miller 289, 290—Neil Miller 291, 292—Neil Miller 293, 294—Neil Miller 295, 296—Neil Miller 297, 298—Neil Miller 299, 300—Neil Miller 301, 302—Neil Miller 303, 304—Neil Miller 305, 306—Neil Miller 307, 308—Neil Miller 309, 310—Neil Miller 311, 312—Neil Miller 313, 314—Neil Miller 315, 316—Neil Miller 317, 318—Neil Miller 319, 320—Neil Miller 321, 322—Neil Miller 323, 324—Neil Miller 325, 326—Neil Miller 327, 328—Neil Miller 329, 330—Neil Miller 331, 332—Neil Miller 333, 334—Neil Miller 335, 336—Neil Miller 337, 338—Neil Miller 339, 340—Neil Miller 341, 342—Neil Miller 343, 344—Neil Miller 345, 346—Neil Miller 347, 348—Neil Miller 349, 350—Neil Miller 351, 352—Neil Miller 353, 354—Neil Miller 355, 356—Neil Miller 357, 358—Neil Miller 359, 360—Neil Miller 361, 362—Neil Miller 363, 364—Neil Miller 365, 366—Neil Miller 367, 368—Neil Miller 369, 370—Neil Miller 371, 372—Neil Miller 373, 374—Neil Miller 375, 376—Neil Miller 377, 378—Neil Miller 379, 380—Neil Miller 381, 382—Neil Miller 383, 384—Neil Miller 385, 386—Neil Miller 387, 388—Neil Miller 389, 390—Neil Miller 391, 392—Neil Miller 393, 394—Neil Miller 395, 396—Neil Miller 397, 398—Neil Miller 399, 400—Neil Miller 401, 402—Neil Miller 403, 404—Neil Miller 405, 406—Neil Miller 407, 408—Neil Miller 409, 410—Neil Miller 411, 412—Neil Miller 413, 414—Neil Miller 415, 416—Neil Miller 417, 418—Neil Miller 419, 420—Neil Miller 421, 422—Neil Miller 423, 424—Neil Miller 425, 426—Neil Miller 427, 428—Neil Miller 429, 430—Neil Miller 431, 432—Neil Miller 433, 434—Neil Miller 435, 436—Neil Miller 437, 438—Neil Miller 439, 440—Neil Miller 441, 442—Neil Miller 443, 444—Neil Miller 445, 446—Neil Miller 447, 448—Neil Miller 449, 450—Neil Miller 451, 452—Neil Miller 453, 454—Neil Miller 455, 456—Neil Miller 457, 458—Neil Miller 459, 460—Neil Miller 461, 462—Neil Miller 463, 464—Neil Miller 465, 466—Neil Miller 467, 468—Neil Miller 469, 470—Neil Miller 471, 472—Neil Miller 473, 474—Neil Miller 475, 476—Neil Miller 477, 478—Neil Miller 479, 480—Neil Miller 481, 482—Neil Miller 483, 484—Neil Miller 485, 486—Neil Miller 487, 488—Neil Miller 489, 490—Neil Miller 491, 492—Neil Miller 493, 494—Neil Miller 495, 496—Neil Miller 497, 498—Neil Miller 499, 500—Neil Miller 501, 502—Neil Miller 503, 504—Neil Miller 505, 506—Neil Miller 507, 508—Neil Miller 509, 510—Neil Miller 511, 512—Neil Miller 513, 514—Neil Miller 515, 516—Neil Miller 517, 518—Neil Miller 519, 520—Neil Miller 521, 522—Neil Miller 523, 524—Neil Miller 525, 526—Neil Miller 527, 528—Neil Miller 529, 530—Neil Miller 531, 532—Neil Miller 533, 534—Neil Miller 535, 536—Neil Miller 537, 538—Neil Miller 539, 540—Neil Miller 541, 542—Neil Miller 543, 544—Neil Miller 545, 546—Neil Miller 547, 548—Neil Miller 549, 550—Neil Miller 551, 552—Neil Miller 553, 554—Neil Miller 555, 556—Neil Miller 557, 558—Neil Miller 559, 560—Neil Miller 561, 562—Neil Miller 563, 564—Neil Miller 565, 566—Neil Miller 567, 568—Neil Miller 569, 570—Neil Miller 571, 572—Neil Miller 573, 574—Neil Miller 575, 576—Neil Miller 577, 578—Neil Miller 579, 580—Neil Miller 581, 582—Neil Miller 583, 584—Neil Miller 585, 586—Neil Miller 587, 588—Neil Miller 589, 590—Neil Miller 591, 592—Neil Miller 593, 594—Neil Miller 595, 596—Neil Miller 597, 598—Neil Miller 599, 600—Neil Miller 601, 602—Neil Miller 603, 604—Neil Miller 605, 606—Neil Miller 607, 608—Neil Miller 609, 610—Neil Miller 611, 612—Neil Miller 613, 614—Neil Miller 615, 616—Neil Miller 617, 618—Neil Miller 619, 620—Neil Miller 621, 622—Neil Miller 623, 624—Neil Miller 625, 626—Neil Miller 627, 628—Neil Miller 629, 630—Neil Miller 631, 632—Neil Miller 633, 634—Neil Miller 635, 636—Neil Miller 637, 638—Neil Miller 639, 640—Neil Miller 641, 642—Neil Miller 643, 644—Neil Miller 645, 646—Neil Miller 647, 648—Neil Miller 649, 650—Neil Miller 651, 652—Neil Miller 653, 654—Neil Miller 655, 656—Neil Miller 657, 658—Neil Miller 659, 660—Neil Miller 661, 662—Neil Miller 663, 664—Neil Miller 665, 666—Neil Miller 667, 668—Neil Miller 669, 670—Neil Miller 671, 672—Neil Miller 673, 674—Neil Miller 675, 676—Neil Miller 677, 678—Neil Miller 679, 680—Neil Miller 681, 682—Neil Miller 683, 684—Neil Miller 685, 686—Neil Miller 687, 688—Neil Miller 689, 690—Neil Miller 691, 692—Neil Miller 693, 694—Neil Miller 695, 696—Neil Miller 697, 698—Neil Miller 699, 700—Neil Miller 701, 702—Neil Miller 703, 704—Neil Miller 705, 706—Neil Miller 707, 708—Neil Miller 709, 710—Neil Miller 711, 712—Neil Miller 713, 714—Neil Miller 715, 716—Neil Miller 717, 718—Neil Miller 719, 720—Neil Miller 721, 722—Neil Miller 723, 724—Neil Miller 725, 726—Neil Miller 727, 728—Neil Miller 729, 730—Neil Miller 731, 732—Neil Miller 733, 734—Neil Miller 735, 736—Neil Miller 737, 738—Neil Miller 739, 740—Neil Miller 741, 742—Neil Miller 743, 744—Neil Miller 745, 746—Neil Miller 747, 748—Neil Miller 749, 750—Neil Miller 751, 752—Neil Miller 753, 754—Neil Miller 755, 756—Neil Miller 757, 758—Neil Miller 759, 760—Neil Miller 761, 762—Neil Miller 763, 764—Neil Miller 765, 766—Neil Miller 767, 768—Neil Miller 769, 770—Neil Miller 771, 772—Neil Miller 773, 774—Neil Miller 775, 776—Neil Miller 777, 778—Neil Miller 779, 780—Neil Miller 781, 782—Neil Miller 783, 784—Neil Miller 785, 786—Neil Miller 787, 788—Neil Miller 789, 790—Neil Miller 791, 792—Neil Miller 793, 794—Neil Miller 795, 796—Neil Miller 797, 798—Neil Miller 799, 800—Neil Miller 801, 802—Neil Miller 803, 804—Neil Miller 805, 806—Neil Miller 807, 808—Neil Miller 809, 810—Neil Miller 811, 812—Neil Miller 813, 814—Neil Miller 815, 816—Neil Miller 817, 818—Neil Miller 819, 820—Neil Miller 821, 822—Neil Miller 823, 824—Neil Miller 825, 826—Neil Miller 827, 828—Neil Miller 829, 830—Neil Miller 831, 832—Neil Miller 833, 834—Neil Miller 835, 836—Neil Miller 837, 838—Neil Miller 839, 840—Neil Miller 841, 842—Neil Miller 843, 844—Neil Miller 845, 846—Neil Miller 847, 848—Neil Miller 849, 850—Neil Miller 851, 852—Neil Miller 853, 854—Neil Miller 855, 856—Neil Miller 857, 858—Neil Miller 859, 860—Neil Miller 861, 862—Neil Miller 863, 864—Neil Miller 865, 866—Neil Miller 867, 868—Neil Miller 869, 870—Neil Miller 871, 872—Neil Miller 873, 874—Neil Miller 875, 876—Neil Miller 877, 878—Neil Miller 879, 880—Neil Miller 881, 882—Neil Miller 883, 884—Neil Miller 885, 886—Neil Miller 887, 888—Neil Miller 889, 890—Neil Miller 891, 892—Neil Miller 893, 894—Neil Miller 895, 896—Neil Miller 897, 898—Neil Miller 899, 900—Neil Miller 901, 902—Neil Miller 903, 904—Neil Miller 905, 906—Neil Miller 907, 908—Neil Miller 909, 910—Neil Miller 911, 912—Neil Miller 913, 914—Neil Miller 915, 916—Neil Miller 917, 918—Neil Miller 919, 920—Neil Miller 921, 922—Neil Miller 923, 924—Neil Miller 925, 926—Neil Miller 927, 928—Neil Miller 929, 930—Neil Miller 931, 932—Neil Miller 933, 934—Neil Miller 935, 936—Neil Miller 937, 938—Neil Miller 939, 940—Neil Miller 941, 942—Neil Miller 943, 944—Neil Miller 945, 946—Neil Miller 947, 948—Neil Miller 949, 950—Neil Miller 951, 952—Neil Miller 953, 954—Neil Miller 955, 956—Neil Miller 957, 958—Neil Miller 959, 960—Neil Miller 961, 962—Neil Miller 963, 964—Neil Miller 965, 966—Neil Miller 967, 968—Neil Miller 969, 970—Neil Miller 971, 972—Neil Miller 973, 974—Neil Miller 975, 976—Neil Miller 977, 978—Neil Miller 979, 980—Neil Miller 981, 982—Neil Miller 983, 984—Neil Miller 985, 986—Neil Miller 987, 988—Neil Miller 989, 990—Neil Miller 991, 992—Neil Miller 993, 994—Neil Miller 995, 996—Neil Miller 997, 998—Neil Miller 999, 1000—Neil Miller 1001, 1002—Neil Miller 1003, 1004—Neil Miller 1005, 1006—Neil Miller 1007, 1008—Neil Miller 1009, 1010—Neil Miller 1011, 1012—Neil Miller 1013, 1014—Neil Miller 1015, 1016—Neil Miller 1017, 1018—Neil Miller 1019, 1020—Neil Miller 1021, 1022—Neil Miller 1023, 1024—Neil Miller 1025, 1026—Neil Miller 1027, 1028—Neil Miller 1029, 1030—Neil Miller 1031, 1032—Neil Miller 1033, 1034—Neil Miller 1035, 1036—Neil Miller 1037, 1038—Neil Miller 1039, 1040—Neil Miller 1041, 1042—Neil Miller 1043, 1044—Neil Miller 1045, 1046—Neil Miller 1047, 1048—Neil Miller 1049, 1050—Neil Miller 1051, 1052—Neil Miller 1053, 1054—Neil Miller 1055, 1056—Neil Miller 1057, 1058—Neil Miller 1059, 1060—Neil Miller 1061, 1062—Neil Miller 1063, 1064—Neil Miller 1065, 1066—Neil Miller 1067, 1068—Neil Miller 1069, 1070—Neil Miller 1071, 1072—Neil Miller 1073, 1074—Neil Miller 1075, 1076—Neil Miller 1077, 1078—Neil Miller 1079, 1080—Neil Miller 1081, 1082—Neil Miller 1083, 1084—Neil Miller 1085, 1086—Neil Miller 1087, 1088—Neil Miller 1089, 1090—Neil Miller 1091, 1092—Neil Miller 1093, 1094—Neil Miller 1095, 1096—Neil Miller 1097, 1098—Neil Miller 1099, 1100—Neil Miller 1101, 1102—Neil Miller 1103, 1104—Neil Miller 1105, 1106—Neil Miller 1107, 1108—Neil Miller 1109, 1110—Neil Miller 1111, 1112—Neil Miller 1113, 1114—Neil Miller 1115, 1116—Neil Miller 1117, 1118—Neil Miller 1119, 1120—Neil Miller 1121, 1122—Neil Miller 1123, 1124—Neil Miller 1125, 1126—Neil Miller 1127, 1128—Neil Miller 1129, 1130—Neil Miller 1131, 1132—Neil Miller 1133, 1134—Neil Miller 1135, 1136—Neil Miller 1137, 1138—Neil Miller 1139, 1140—Neil Miller 1141, 1142—Neil Miller 1143, 1144—Neil Miller 1145, 1146—Neil Miller 1147, 1148—Neil Miller 1149, 1150—Neil Miller 1151, 1152—Neil Miller 1153, 1154—Neil Miller 1155, 1156—Neil Miller 1157, 1158—Neil Miller 1159, 1160—Neil Miller 1161, 1162—Neil Miller 1163, 1164—Neil Miller 1165, 1166—Neil Miller 1167, 1168—Neil Miller 1169, 1170—Neil Miller 1171, 1172—Neil Miller 1173, 1174—Neil Miller 1175, 1176—Neil Miller 1177, 1178—Neil Miller 1179, 1180—Neil Miller 1181, 1182—Neil Miller 1183, 1184—Neil Miller 1185, 1186—Neil Miller 1187, 1188—Neil Miller 1189, 1190—Neil Miller 1191, 1192—Neil Miller 1193, 1194—Neil Miller 1195, 1196—Neil Miller 1197, 1198—Neil Miller 1199, 1200—Neil Miller 1201, 1202—Neil Miller 1203, 1204—Neil Miller 1205, 1206—Neil Miller 1207, 1208—Neil Miller 1209, 1210—Neil Miller 1211, 1212—Neil Miller 1213, 1214—Neil Miller 1215, 1216—Neil Miller 1217, 1218—Neil Miller 1219, 1220—Neil Miller 1221, 1222—Neil Miller 1223, 1224—Neil Miller 1225, 1226—Neil Miller 1227, 1228—Neil Miller 1229, 1230—Neil Miller 1231, 1232—Neil Miller 1233, 1234—Neil Miller 1235, 1236—Neil Miller 1237, 1238—Neil Miller 1239, 1240—Neil Miller 1241, 1242—Neil Miller 1243, 1244—Neil Miller 1245, 1246—Neil Miller 1247, 1248—Neil Miller 1249, 1250—Neil Miller 1251, 1252—Neil Miller 1253, 1254—Neil Miller 1255, 1256—Neil Miller 1257, 1258—Neil Miller 1259, 1260—Neil Miller 1261, 1262—Neil Miller 1263, 1264—Neil Miller 1265, 1266—Neil Miller 1267, 1268—Neil Miller 1269, 1270—Neil Miller 1271, 1272—Neil Miller 1273, 1274—Neil Miller 1275, 1276—Neil Miller 1277, 1278—Neil Miller 1279, 1280—Neil Miller 1281, 1282—Neil Miller 1283, 1284—Neil Miller 1285, 1286—Neil Miller 1287, 1288—Neil Miller 1289, 1290—Neil Miller 1291, 1292—Neil Miller 1293, 1294—Neil Miller 1295, 1296—Neil Miller 1297, 1298—Neil Miller 1299, 1300—Neil Miller 1301, 1302—Neil Miller 1303, 1304—Neil Miller 1305, 1306—Neil Miller 1307, 1308—Neil Miller 1309, 1310—Neil Miller 1311, 1312—Neil Miller 1313, 1314—Neil Miller 1315, 1316—Neil Miller 1317, 1318—Neil Miller 1319, 1320—Neil Miller 1321, 1322—Neil Miller 1323, 1324—Neil Miller 1325, 1326—Neil Miller 1327, 1328—Neil Miller 1329, 1330—Neil Miller 1331, 1332—Neil Miller 1333, 1334—Neil Miller 1335, 1336—Neil Miller 1337, 1338—Neil Miller 1339, 1340—Neil Miller 1341, 1342—Neil Miller 1343, 1344—Neil Miller 1345, 1346—Neil Miller 1347, 1348—Neil Miller 1349, 1350—Neil Miller 1351, 1352—Neil Miller 1353, 1354—Neil Miller 1355, 1356—Neil Miller 1357, 1358—Neil Miller 1359, 1360—Neil Miller 1361, 1362—Neil Miller 1363, 1364—Neil Miller 1365, 1366—Neil Miller 1367, 1368—Neil Miller 1369, 1370—Neil Miller 1371, 1372—Neil Miller 1373, 1374—Neil Miller 1375, 1376—Neil Miller 1377, 1378—Neil Miller 1379, 1380—Neil Miller 1381, 1382—Neil Miller 1383, 1384—Neil Miller 1385, 1386—Neil Miller 1387, 1388—Neil Miller 1389, 1390—Neil Miller 1391, 1392—Neil Miller 1393, 1394—Neil Miller 1395, 1396—Neil Miller 1397, 1398—Neil Miller 1399, 1400—Neil Miller 1401, 1402—Neil Miller 1403, 1404—Neil Miller 1405, 1406—Neil Miller 1407, 1408—Neil Miller 1409, 1410—Neil Miller 1411, 1412—Neil Miller 1413, 1414—Neil Miller 1415, 1416—Neil Miller 1417, 1418—Neil Miller 1419, 1420—Neil Miller 1421, 1422—Neil Miller 1423, 1424—Neil Miller 1425, 1426—Neil Miller 1427, 1428—Neil Miller 1429, 1430—Neil Miller 1431, 1432—Neil Miller 1433, 1434—Neil Miller 1435, 1436—Neil Miller 1437, 1438—Neil Miller 1439, 1440—Neil Miller 1441, 1442—Neil Miller 1443, 1444—Neil Miller 1445, 1446—Neil Miller 1447, 1448—Neil Miller 1449, 1450—Neil Miller 1451, 1452—Neil Miller 1453, 1454—Neil Miller 1455, 1456—Neil Miller 1457, 1458—Neil Miller 1459, 1460—Neil Miller 1461, 1462—Neil Miller 1463, 1464—Neil Miller 1465, 1466—Neil Miller 1467, 1468—Neil Miller 1469, 1470—Neil Miller 1471, 1472—Neil Miller 1473, 1474—Neil Miller 1475, 1476—Neil Miller 1477, 1478—Neil Miller 1479, 1480—Neil Miller 1481, 1482—Neil Miller 1483, 1484—Neil Miller 1485, 1486—Neil Miller 1487, 1488—Neil Miller 1489, 1490—Neil Miller 1491, 1492—Neil Miller 1493, 1494—Neil Miller 1495, 1496—Neil Miller 1497, 1498—Neil Miller 1499, 1500—Neil Miller 1501, 1502—Neil Miller 1503, 1504—Neil Miller 1505, 1506—Neil Miller 1507, 1508—Neil Miller 1509, 1510—Neil Miller 1511, 1512—Neil Miller 1513, 1514—Neil Miller 1515, 1516—Neil Miller 1517, 1518—Neil Miller 1519, 1520—Neil Miller 1521, 1522—Neil Miller 1523, 1524—Neil Miller 1525, 1526—Neil Miller 1527, 1528—Neil Miller 1529, 1530—Neil Miller 1531, 1532—Neil Miller 1533, 1534—Neil Miller 1535, 1536—Neil Miller 1537, 1538



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
45% LESS
'TAR'
than the best-selling
filter king

According to latest U.S. Government Report

Only 10 mg. 'tar' with famous Pall Mall flavor

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD... "tar" 10 mg.—nicotine, 0.7 mg.
 Best-selling filter king... "tar" 19 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
 Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg.—nicotine, 0.2 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
 That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SHOCK WAVES

Sir:

Congratulations on your fantastic cover story (*That California Earthquake*, Dec. 9). The victory over the no-longer-Fighting Irish will carry the Trojans into the Rose Bowl with sky-high hopes of defeating their practically perennial opponent, Ohio State, a feat they have proved they can accomplish. For Notre Dame, Ohio State and all other Trojan opponents, Anthony Davis will remain A.D.—Always Dangerous.

Joe McCURDIE
 Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Joe Jares failed to mention that Anthony Davis netted only 48 yards rushing against the Irish. Archie Griffin has rushed for more than 100 yards in 22 consecutive games. As for a recount of Heisman Trophy votes after the Rose Bowl, well, that would only make it unanimous.

GREG RHINE
 Columbus, Ohio

DIXIE RIVALRY

Sir:

Thank you for alerting the nation (and the world) to the fact that deep in the heart of Dixie there is an intense rivalry between fans of the University of Alabama and those of Auburn University (*Bottle for Braggins' Rights*, Dec. 9). If there is a doubting Thomas still around, a visit to Alabama is in order, but it does not necessarily have to be during the college football season. War Eagles and Roll Tides can be heard all year round.

Incidentally, although we voice opposition to one another throughout the season, when it comes time for the bowl games most Alabamians go for Auburn and Alabama.

KATHLEEN BOWLEY
 Anniston, Ala.

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's otherwise fine article on the Alabama-Auburn game contains one exaggeration evident to any true Alabama braggart. He asserts that the Bear would have to coach a decade or so longer to accumulate the 73 victories needed to surpass Amos Alonzo Stagg's record 314. Shucks, about 6½ years should do it.

JANE BAUM
 Baltimore

continued

How many of these people should you surprise with Cutty this Christmas?

Your barber, who doesn't talk you to death.

Your broker, who saved you a small fortune by saying "sell."

The gas station guy who saved you during the shortage.

The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."

The accountant who caught that \$300 mistake—in your favor.

The doctor in town who still makes house calls.

Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.

That golf pro who cured your slice.

That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.

The neighbor who always returns the mower.

The mailman who always paid your postage due.

And last but not least, one for good old #1: you.



DON'T JUST SIT THERE...

It's your health care, your auto insurance
they're arguing about.

JOIN THE ACTION.

You can't afford not to. Not while State and Federal lawmakers are debating issues that are going to affect your life, your well-being, and your pocket book.

Take health care insurance. Quality health care should be made available to everyone. But how? It's a big problem that will require a number of solutions. An excellent first step would be a partnership between the Federal government and the private insurance industry. One which uses the strengths of both to protect everyone against catastrophic medical expenses.

And No-Fault auto insurance. In states with effective laws, the system is proving out. More people are receiving more benefits than ever before. And getting money faster too. How about your state?

You...we...everybody...should get involved. Make ourselves heard. Now, before the laws are passed. Afterwards, it will be too late.

We'll send you the facts. We will also tell you how we feel. We know one thing—you're the one who has to decide. The more people speak up—loud and clear—the better the chances of getting the right kind of action.

If you want more information about health care or No-Fault, write: Issues, Aetna Life & Casualty, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



You get action with Aetna

BEAR FANS

Sir:

Richard W. Johnston's story *Chicago: The Once and Future Bears* (Dec. 9) is a nostalgic condensation of the Bear facts. As one who grew up believing that if the good Lord were to play football, He would certainly play for the Bears, I now can't help but feel that George Halas would probably force him to play out His option. As a Chicago fan, I have learned to accept disappointment. We have had some superstars to ease the pain, but now even they are gone. The cowering Cubs, the half-slew Hawks, the until recently Love-sick Bulls can be accepted. But when the Father of Professional Football forced Dick Butkus to leave home, he turned the Midway Menagers into a Bear rug, and every other team is walking all over it.

WAYNE TITL

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sir:

Richard W. Johnston's excellent article might never have been written if the Bears had not committed one colossal blunder about a decade ago. They let George Allen get away from them. Allen has turned two chronic losers into overnight winners. If George Halas had had the foresight to promote Allen to head coach, it is quite possible that the Bears would be playing in the Super Bowl instead of wallowing in the cellar of the NFC's Central Division.

LARRY R. MURKINGS

San Ramon, Calif.

TV TOUCHDOWNS

Sir:

Bill Leggett is barking up the right tree (TV *Rapsheet*, Dec. 9). The formula for a successful football telecast includes four parts: violence (provided by the players), three parts emotion (compliments of the fans), two parts pageantry (no extra charge) and one part controversy (provided by the network). The latter ingredient is conspicuously missing from ABC's collegiate broadcasts. ABC's pristine approach is simply unrealistic and seems the very antithesis of what is happening on the field. The network is inclined in the right direction. For example, the removal of the Schenkel fixture from the booth was a sound decision. All that is needed now is some Cosellian controversy that stimulates without sacrificing good taste.

Chuck Howard has the ball, and the hole is open. The ratings will block for him if he will only run.

JOHN C. BURNS

Appomattox, Va.

ARCHANGEL

Sir:

Dedicated anglers everywhere must take their hats off to Bill Schacht (*The World's Best*, Dec. 2), who is a living example of

continued

Lips too sore for a stick?

Use soothing Blistex ointment. It smooths on easily, doesn't irritate. Yet it's real medicine. Gentle but effective for quick relief. Used early and often it aids in preventing unsightly cold sores and fever blisters. Try it. Soothing, cooling Blistex.



"A must for anyone who has ever expressed even a casual interest in the game."

"Probably the best pro-football book since *Paper Lion*."

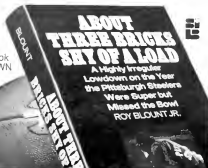
—Booktalk

"A marvelous jumble of delights. We meet manic fans, hangers-on, groupies, wives, old veterans and near-miss rookies. We get an intimate look at the pain that is an inescapable part of the game, the camaraderies of the dressing room."

—Jonathan Yardley, *Miami Herald*

Illustrated with
photographs
\$8.95

A Sports
Illustrated Book
LITTLE, BROWN
PUBLISHERS



To help stop Athlete's Foot more families buy Desenex® than any other remedy.

That's because anti-fungal Desenex contains a medically-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. And the number gets bigger every year.

To help heal Athlete's Foot, use Desenex Ointment at night and Desenex Powder, or Aerosol, during the day.

When used routinely, Desenex provides continuing protection against fungous infection.



Also available in solution form.

©1974 Pharmacia Consumer Products

A PRODUCT OF **Pfizer** CORPORATION

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Work for yourself... by working with us!



Graduates and undergraduates at colleges and universities all over the country have been doing well financially for years by offering their peers special-rate student subscriptions to **TIME**, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and **FORTUNE**.

You can too.

The only investment is your time and talent. We supply a complete, effective selling kit that's an accumulation of over two decades of on-campus selling experience.

You set your own working hours; the commissions are liberal, and we do the billing. And for extra income you may even participate in special market research projects.

If you are interested, please apply to **Time Inc., College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.**

Relieves Tormenting Rectal Pain And Itch, Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues

...Due to inflammation. Gives prompt, temporary relief
from such burning itch and pain in many cases.

The burning itch and pain caused by inflammation in hemorrhoidal tissues can cause much suffering. But there is an exclusive formulation that in many cases gives prompt relief from this itch and pain. It helps shrink swelling of such tissues caused by inflammation.

Tests by doctors on hundreds of patients reported similar successful results in many cases. This medication is available at drug counters everywhere, under the name *Proctonatus H*. There's no other formula like Preparation H. Ointment or suppositories.

19TH HOLE continued

patience, optimism and more patience, the foundations of fishing. After reading Russell Chatham's inspiring tale of this fisherman, I, for one, will be ashamed the next time I leave a stream because of icy line guides or fall into the head of a pool and forget to fish it out while floating through.

As I sit indoors and watch the fire for a few minutes, it will be good to know that Schadt is out there, following the runs every day of the winter. I'll think of him often and of all the fun he's having.

ROBERT SEVEREDY

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

NO PUSHOVER

Sir:

Tennec Tech may have been a pushover for mighty Indiana (*Masked in a Missoula*, Dec. 9), but that little school's basketball team showed me the greatest single defensive play I have ever seen. It was in 1958 during the first round of the NCAA tournament. Tennessee Tech had had a fine season, but just before the playoffs the Golden Eagles' star 6'9" center and their playmaking guard had been declared ineligible. Thus crippled, they came to Evanston, Ill. to face a strong Notre Dame team led by 6'5" standout Tom Hawkins.

As might be expected, the game was pretty much of a rout. Toward the end it broke into a series of full-court passes and turn-overs. Notre Dame kept most of its starters in, despite nearly a 30-point lead, but Tech sent in its subs to gain tournament experience. Notre Dame stole a pass under the Tech basket and threw the ball downcourt to Hawkins, who had lagged at back. Hawkins turned at the top of the key and headed unopposed toward the basket. Everyone in the gym was certain a crashing dunk shot was coming. Everyone except a spindly, redheaded, 5'9" Tech scrub named Allen (Redd Runner) Herron, who came down the floor at full speed. Hawkins, unsuspecting, stared up majestically for a stiff. Herron threw himself horizontally toward Hawkins, got one hand in front of the ball just as Hawkins brought it past his waist and slapped it out of bounds. Then he landed on his face and slid through the first three rows of folding chairs, scattering fans in all directions.

As he came down without the ball, a look of disbelief passed over Hawkins' face. But when he realized what had happened, he waded in through the tumbled chairs, found little Herron, dazed and bleeding, pulled him to his feet, towed him back to the court and shook his hand.

JOHN McCLAGHERY

Lyndonville, Vt.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Tim & Lila Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

of 2,191 football coaches

[illegible]

The 1974 Kodak All-America Team


These 23 men represent the very best in college football. They have been chosen for the Kodak All-American Team by 2,191 college football coaches who are members of the American Football Coaches Association. To be chosen for this team is a particularly unique honor, for not only have they been chosen from among thousands of college football players by the toughest critics of them all, but they have been selected to join an exclusive roster of outstanding college football greats spanning the years from 1889

The first All-America team, and indeed the phrase "All-American," was established in 1889 by the great Yale coach, Walter Camp, who selected teams until his death in 1925. Then, Grantland Rice, considered by many as America's fore-

most sportswriter, continued the tradition established by Walter Camp as selector of the All-America Team

In 1946, the selection of the All-America Team became the responsibility of college football coaches: those men considered most qualified to separate the great from the good.

Since 1960, Eastman Kodak Company has been proud to sponsor the coaches selection of the All-America Team.



We salute the American Football Coaches Association on their selection of these outstanding athletes. And, we salute these 23 men who have earned the respect of thousands for the exceptional ability they have demonstrated as football players and the high standards they have set as sportsmen.




KODAK SPORTS PROGRAM

Get a print of the 1974 Kodak All-America Team

Send your name and address and 25¢ for postage and handling to:

Eastman Kodak Company
Department 454A
Rochester, New York 14650

Please allow four to six weeks for delivery.

An advertisement for Kent cigarettes. The background is a dark, textured surface with green foliage at the top. In the center, a white pack of Kent cigarettes lies diagonally. The pack has 'KENT' in large black letters, a small crest logo, and 'DELUXE 100'S' on the side. Below the brand name, it says 'MICRONITE FILTER' and 'A PRODUCT OF B&W TOBACCO COMPANY, N.Y., U.S.A.'. In the foreground, a large, ornate, reddish-brown tin with intricate carvings stands upright. A single Kent cigarette is placed horizontally in front of the tin. To the right of the tin, a thick, dark cigar with a textured wrapper lies horizontally.

If you have
a taste for quality,
you'll like the taste
of Kent.

King Size
or Deluxe 100's.

The taste of premium tobaccos with the Micronite filter. Kent. America's quality cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74.